Américas

MAY 1960

AMAZON FIREBALL
Colonel Janary Nunes brings new life to Brazilian territory of Amapá

HIGHER THAN ACONCAGUA?
Chilean climbers scale peak that may be Western Hemisphere's loftiest

MESKWAKI POWWOW
at Tama, Iowa

A CRITIC'S CHOICE
Caribbean art comes to Texas

25 cents



French children join world-wide celebration of St. John's Day *(see page 14)*



Américas

Volume 8, Number 5
May 1956

published in English, Spanish, and Portuguese

CONTENTS

Page

2 ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

3 AMAZON FIREBALL Leslie F. Warren

8 HIGHER THAN ACONCAGUA? Enrique Bunster

11 THE MAN FROM TURRIALBA Armando Samper

14 THE FEAST OF ST. JOHN Juan Liscano

20 AN EVENING WITH MR. BEECHER (A short story) Elli Friend

23 THE SECOND COLUMBUS Andrés Townsend Ezcurra

28 MESKWAKI POWWOW Gertrude P. Kurath

32 A CRITIC'S CHOICE José Gómez-Sicre

36 POINTS OF VIEW

39 BOOKS
New Books from Chile Santiago del Campo
Book Notes

42 GRAPHICS CREDITS

43 OAS FOTO FLASHES

44 LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

45 KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS' ISLANDS?

Published by
Pan American Union, General Secretariat of the Organization of American States, Washington 6, D. C., U. S. A.
José A. Mora, Secretary General
William Manger, Assistant Secretary General

Editor
Kathleen Walker

Associate Editors
George C. Compton
Adolfo Solórzano Díaz
Armando S. Pires

Assistant Editors
Wallace B. Alig
Elizabeth B. Kilmer
Benedicta S. Monsen
Raúl Nass
Betty Wilson

Cover
Photograph by Yan, Toulouse, France

Any article not copyrighted may be reprinted from Americas, provided it is accompanied by the following credit line: "Reprinted from Americas, monthly magazine published by the Pan American Union in English, Spanish, and Portuguese." Articles must carry the author's name, and a copy of the reprint should be sent to the office of Americas. This permission does not apply to illustrative material.

Subscription rate of Americas: $3.00 a year, $5.00 for two years, $7.00 for three years, for the English, Spanish, or Portuguese edition in the United States and Canada. Add $1.00 extra for postage to countries outside the Postal Union of the Americas and Spain. Single copies 25¢. Address orders to Publications and Distribution Division, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D. C. For information on microfilms of Americas, address University Microfilms, 313 N. First Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Opposite: Baby with Silver Rattle, *oil by unknown eighteenth-century Mexican artist. In collection of the Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford*

Dear Reader

With a deep sense of responsibility, I have assumed office as Secretary General of the Organization of American States.

Nothing could have afforded me more satisfaction than entering upon my duties at the time when the Bogotá Charter and the Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance—the two fundamental instruments of our regional structure—have been ratified by all the member states.

These guarantees of stability give me faith that, within the framework of good neighborliness and with the spirit of cooperation characteristic of our countries, we shall find ever more satisfactory ways to solve our common problems and attain increasing well-being for all Americans.

No vigilance is excessive in guarding this admirable heritage, which represents sixty-six years of vast accomplishment that assure this structure maturity and sound development. The OAS past is ennobled by ideals of peace, union, and friendship among our peoples. Its present is an international order that respects the juridical equality, sovereignty, and territorial integrity of nations united to face any threat and to seek peaceful solutions to controversies. Its future is a challenge to the men of today, to our ability to respond to the historic mission of America.

Each of us has the high obligation to work sincerely and confidently for its greatness.

But to me the progress of the OAS must mean total progress, extending into all spheres of inter-American relations and reaching the largest possible number of inhabitants of the New World. Our organization must reflect all the human currents of the Hemisphere, with the support and cooperation of each individual.

To achieve this, I attach special importance to close collaboration among all the organs and agencies that make up the structure of our regional system and that apply its fundamental aims to every field of human activity. For the same purpose, I plan to make full use of the facilities of other organizations, private or semiofficial, and of all the large and small groups associated in the search for the happiness of Americans and the best way of life for this privileged region of the globe.

I am convinced that it is impossible to embark on this or any other high enterprise in America without a profound liking for its peoples, a sincere passion for understanding and helping them, an intimate knowledge of the difficulties affecting them, a gift of tolerance, and a frank desire to approach them in a spirit disposed to seek the harmony of contrasts and the concert of differences.

This liking and this spirit of understanding are keys that will open the heart of America. All my efforts during my term of office will be dedicated to forging them.

José A. Mora

Secretary General

ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

FLEXIBLE FOREIGN AID

The President of the United States formally asked Congress for 4.8 billion dollars for the foreign military and economic aid program in the 1956-57 fiscal year—nearly twice as much as Congress provided for the current year. The reason: foreign aid authorities have almost used up money carried over from earlier appropriations. The appropriation for 1955-56 was 2.7 billion dollars, but this was supplemented by substantial unexpended funds. For the coming year, however, only 200 million dollars is to be carried over.

Most of the total requested, or nearly three billion dollars, is allocated for military assistance to deter aggression, with more than half going to the Middle East and Asia. The second largest sum of 1.1 billion is allocated to "defense support," that is, for projects of a non-military character that bolster defense activities; more than three quarters is earmarked for Asia. The rest is to be allocated to economic development, technical cooperation, and foreign atomic reactor projects, to help build internal resources and economic stability. Besides the emphasis given to Asia, Africa, and the Middle East, two other important features of the foreign aid plan are of great interest. The President wants authority to make commitments for economic aid for periods of up to ten years, in order to assist less developed countries in long-term projects. This proposal suggests that foreign aid is going on indefinitely and would assure the nations of the free world that the United States will continue to participate in certain non-military projects, in this way attracting both local and foreign public and private capital. The President requested 500 million dollars to provide funds that can be made available quickly, when needed, without applying to Congress. Although this involves only 10 per cent of the total foreign aid program, the principle is important, since it gives the program flexibility to meet unexpected shifts in a rapidly changing world.

Regarding aid to the Latin American countries, the President proposes to strengthen further the friendly relationships with the sister republics to the south. He recommends continuation of the technical-assistance programs initiated by Latin American nations to make better use of their own resources. He also recommends continued participation in the technical assistance activities of the Organization of American States. Furthermore, the Mutual Security Program will meet temporary Latin American economic problems as it has in the past when loans from the Export-Import Bank and the International Bank were not available. Finally, military assistance in Latin America will be continued in order to provide standardized equipment, its maintenance, and training in its use.

BOLIVIA'S BLACK GOLD

In Bolivia, oil production is showing impressive gains, transportation is being improved, new farm areas have been opened, and several new light manufacturing industries have been established. All this brings new hopes to a country whose serious economic problems include troublesome inflation, inadequate food production, setbacks in the mining industry, an unfavorable balance of payments, and dependence on foreign economic grants and credit.

Petroleum output rose from 1,600 barrels per day in 1953 to 4,600 in 1954 and 7,400 by the middle of 1955. Since domestic consumption is 4,000 barrels per day, Bolivia is able to supply oil to her neighbors, which will welcome a non-dollar source of oil. The Bolivian oil agency YPFB intends to drill thirty-eight new wells this year and has already signed contracts with the United Geophysical Company to undertake seismological and geological studies. Furthermore, Bolivia expects YPFB to produce 65 million dollars in oil revenue in the next four or five years. Encouragement to go into oil exploitation was given by Bolivia's new petroleum code and regulations, effective February 26, 1956, and U.S. and Japanese firms have demonstrated interest in petroleum development possibilities.

The Bolivian Government and the private U.S. Gulf Oil Corporation have agreed on a forty-year working arrangement under which the company will gain access to a rich petroleum zone in exchange for financing pipelines to cost about forty million dollars. The first line will be built from Sicasica, Bolivia, to the Chilean port of Arica, and later another line will carry oil from the Camiri fields in southwestern Bolivia to Sicasica. The company will explore 3,700,000 acres and exploit a maximum of a little more than 1,000,000. It will pay the government royalties and taxes totalling 30 per cent of the value of oil produced, payable in cash or products, and will be exempt from import and export duties. The Arica pipeline should be in operation by January 1, 1958. The agreement, which is subject to congressional ratification, has been hailed as the beginning of a new era for Bolivian oil.

President Paz Estenssoro has declared: "We can see a turning in the road. We have become an oil exporting nation, instead of an importing one. The technical aid programs have helped double our corn crops and increase sugar production."—Elba Kybal

Amazon fireball

How Colonel Janary Gentil Nunes brought Amapá to life

LESLIE F. WARREN



In 1943 a Brazilian army captain named Janary Gentil Nunes arrived in Amapá, a diamond-shaped federal territory lying between the Amazon and French Guiana, to take up the post of governor. This is what he found:

In Macapá, a drowsy town with a population of 1,082 that became territorial capital the following year, a group of sagging, one-story buildings along the single street fronting the river. No electric lights. No telephones. No sewers—not even cesspools. The ruins of an ancient colonial fortress. A school whose yard was overgrown by weeds and creepers.

In the entire territory, almost as large as New York State and New Jersey combined, four schools giving instruction up to fourth-grade level to 392 pupils, out of a total territorial population of some twenty-one thousand. No doctors, no police, no railroads, no highways, no factories.

A sickly people, suffering almost universally from malaria and hookworm, weakened by insufficient and faulty diet, with no hope for a better future and little means to obtain one.

The leading commercial activity was smuggling—perfume and jewelry into Amapá (and thence to other parts of Brazil) from French Guiana, gold the other way. The others were panning gold, gathering nuts and rubber, hunting crocodiles and other animals for skins, cultivating patches of beans and manioc. In short, a stagnant economy typical of the entire Amazon valley. Yet as in the rest of the valley, immense riches lay hidden beneath the cover of tropical verdure.

Captain Nunes, five feet one and only thirty-one years old, was undismayed. He had federal funds, a staff of specialists and technicians, and plans. In the twelve years he served as governor, he transformed this inert geographic mass into a vibrant sector of Brazil's economy. As a result, the sluggish pace of life along the entire valley is quickening.

Even more is to come. For the forty-three-year-old "Amazon fireball," as one magazine dubbed him, has just been appointed president of Petrobrás, the nationalized Brazilian oil industry, and recent discoveries have strengthened the belief that the country's petroleum future is in the huge Amazon basin.

The emergence of the Amazon from centuries of lethargy will not come as a surprise to Colonel (as he is now) Nunes. Since childhood he has carried the conviction that his native region could play a vital part in his country's and the world's future, and that his destiny was to hasten the day.

Colonel Nunes was born in the little village of Alenquer, Pará State, some four hundred miles up the Amazon from Amapá. Although of modest means, his parents struggled to provide their children with an education. Janary attended primary schools at Alenquer and at Obidos, farther up the river.

Life on the Amazon was full and exciting. The open-decked riverboats—*gaiolas*, or "birdcages," Brazilians call them—chugged up to rickety wooden piers with loads of smoked rubber, Brazil nuts, cattle, fibers. The *seringueiros* told of strange, terrifying animals they encountered while making the rounds of their rubber trees:



Workers lay track to manganese fields for railroad financed by local and foreign interests. Some of ore will go into building U.S. naval vessels

LESLIE F. WARREN *is married to a Brazilian and lives in Rio, where he is correspondent for the* Christian Science Monitor.

the giant *pirarucu* fish, larger than a man, that lives in the river; the *peixe-boi*, the sea-cow; and the mysterious *boto*, the river porpoise that is said to transform itself into a man, come ashore and seek out a lover. Even the great brown river itself was fascinating, at flood stage making lakes in the forest, in the dry season edged with sandbars from which flocks of white herons whirled up at the approach of a canoe.

As Janary grew, however, his delight in discovering the varied wonders of Nature changed. Nature was so powerful here, so rich. But man? Everywhere he looked he saw a people on the edge of poverty, in ill health. Children died so easily, yet no one thought it strange. There were few old people. All about was furious green growth. But man and his works were stationary. Or decayed, like the elegant old opera house upriver at Manaus.

Must it always be so? In an area endowed so generously with natural wealth must man remain helpless? Hadn't Alexander von Humboldt prophesied that the Amazon would one day become the world's granary?

By the time Janary Nunes entered high school in Belém, he had chosen his career. Through the army, which has a proud record of giving the nation devoted administrators, engineers, and pioneers, lay his path of service to his country and to Amazonia. His idol was Luis Alves de Lima e Silva, Duke of Caxias, the statesman-general who unified Brazil during the reign of Emperor Pedro II. Victor in the war with Paraguay, he once told his troops: "Remember that our enemies are our brothers and like ourselves, Americans, and once defeated must be treated as such."

Janary took special courses in mathematics and history, and in 1930 was accepted as a cadet at the National Military Academy in Realengo, a suburb of Rio. After graduating from Realengo, where he edited the Military School Review, he served in a number of routine posts in the states of Rio de Janeiro, Paraná, and Santa Catarina. World War II found him back in the Amazon, a captain in charge of defenses at the Val-de-Cans air base at Belém, from which supplies were flown to the African front. The First Anti-Aircraft Machinegun Company, which he organized, became a model for future similar units.

When his first big opportunity came shortly afterward, Captain Nunes was ready. He had been assigned to command of the Oiapoque frontier region in the Amapá area, near the border of French and Dutch Guiana. He concluded that the complete lack of development of this sparsely settled area, rather than making for safety, actually imperiled the nation's defenses by inviting penetration from without. He outlined his views in two reports on frontier problems.

The reports were brought to the attention of President Getúlio Vargas, preoccupied with the problem of wartime defenses. Thus when President Vargas in 1943—for strategic reasons and with the hope that direct federal control would stimulate the area's development—separated Amapá from the state of Pará and decreed it a federal territory, he named young Captain Nunes its first



Before Nunes, Macapá looked like this: sagging buildings, no electric lights, no sewers or cesspools

governor. Five other border territories were created at the same time.

"We will start with schools," Captain Nunes told his staff. His reasoning was clear. Little could be done with the adults directly, for improper habits of diet and sanitation were already fixed. But perhaps they could be reached through the children.

As a temporary measure the tiny Macapá schoolhouse was painted and repaired, its yard cleared. Meanwhile, the governor pushed construction of a new building, and arranged for a teaching staff to be brought up from Rio and São Paulo.

Today Macapá pupils up through high school attend classes in new, modern structures, where they receive



After Nunes became governor, modern buildings like the Macapá Flying Club sprang up, complete with electricity and plumbing

instruction in home economics, commercial subjects, and industrial training. Boys learn such skills as brickmaking, carpentry, metal-working to enable them to produce for the area's needs. As part of their studies school children cultivate their own gardens, growing a variety of vegetables to add to the traditional Amazonian diet of beans, fish, manioc flour, and dried beef. In eighty-eight rural schools, the first graduates of the territorial normal school are beginning to replace "imported" teachers. Amapá's school population now numbers almost nine thousand.

The next problem was health. DDT and preventive

drugs soon wiped out malaria in the capital, but sanitation in an area where even the practice of building outdoor privies was unknown posed a more difficult problem. Captain Nunes appealed to SESP, the U.S.-aided federal Special Public Health Service, which was performing a commendable job in the Amazon valley. Today a SESP-built sewer system serves all sections of the capital. Houses not connected have their own cesspools. There is a doctor for every 1,471 inhabitants in the territory, and a modern hospital in Macapá with a twenty-four-bed maternity ward and a child-care center. Other public services were added: a water-supply system; electricity



Mining company buildings in port district of Macapá reflect growth that came with discovery of manganese in Amapá

from diesel-powered generators to light streets and homes, run refrigerators and radios, drive machines.

On the economic front, the governor's attention first turned to agriculture. An experiment station was set up, manned by some of the nation's top farm experts. In the four-year period 1949-1953 the territory multiplied rice production by twenty, corn by fifteen, beans by thirteen, and manioc by four. Farmers are being taught to plant rubber as a cash crop from newly developed varieties that are resistant to the deadly leaf fungus.

When Captain Nunes arrived at Macapá, the territory depended entirely on imports for its manufactured necessities. Now local shops and factories turn out bricks, tile, sanitary fixtures, flooring, furniture, dairy and other processed food products, even some articles of clothing.



Headquarters of Amapá territorial government in Macapá

Twelve years ago Amapá's only regular means of communication with the rest of the country were the launch to Belém and a government mail plane that dropped in at Macapá once a week. Captain Nunes went to Rio, talked a commercial airline into adding Macapá to its stops, with thrice-weekly through service from the capital. Another line offers daily flights from Belém. Today the visitor can put up in a small modern hotel, take in a movie, and visit the huge Portuguese-built fortress of São José de Macapá, once crumbling, now restored as a national monument.

If progress was not to be limited to the capital, roads must be built to reduce the territory's dependence on river transportation. The governor persuaded the federal roads department to help out. Today a 480-mile road network leads into Macapá, including a 304-mile section stretching north three-fourths of the distance to French Guiana. In addition, the last stretches of a 121-mile railroad destined for a leading role in the area's development are now being completed.

In the twelve years of Janary Nunes' administration, the population of Amapá more than doubled—it is now fifty thousand—and Macapá, now a bustling town of twenty-three thousand, shot from forty-ninth to third place in the entire region of Amazonia.

Mere physical change, important as it may be, is perhaps not the most significant transformation in Amapá. The land is awake to a new spirit, transmitted by the youthful energy of the governor and his staff. Youth is the keynote in Amapá. The visitor is struck by the healthy, vigorous appearance of Macapá youth in action, at the wheels of huge earth-moving machines, in factories, on basketball courts, in gymnastic exhibitions.

The remarkable transformation of Amapá makes it important not only to Brazilians but to foreigners in a dozen world capitals as well. For behind the sudden economic spurt is an international project that dwarfs anything Amazonia has seen in its history.

In his campaign to convert Amapá into a productive sector of the national economy, Colonel Nunes was not without critics, who pointed to the large sums of federal money required to finance the territory's expansion. But his geologists had assured him that Amapá was rich in minerals. Surely one would be found that would bring great wealth. One was—manganese, the vital hardening alloy metal without which warships, tanks, and armor plate would yield to high-powered shells like butter to a hot knife. Manganese ore will start moving from the territory to Sparrows Point, Maryland, sometime this year; eventually the shipments will amount to between five hundred thousand and a million tons a year and bring to Brazil's coffers at least thirty million dollars annually. Amapá's share of the returns will enable it to repay the federal government within a short time.

The Amapá manganese story began in 1941, when a river trader named Mário Cruz, in his travels up the Amapari, stumbled over a piece of rock that was heavy, like iron, and made a good anchor for his canoe. Several years later, when he learned that Governor Janary was offering rewards for the discovery of valuable mineral

deposits, Mário Cruz took his "iron anchor" to Macapá. The governor sent the sample to the National Mineralogical Laboratory in Rio, which reported: "Manganese—55 per cent pure."

To explore and survey the manganese area, a concession was granted to a Brazilian firm, Indústria e Comércio de Minérios (ICOMI), in 1947. This company then operated, and still does, manganese mines in the state of Minas Gerais. The deposits, in the Serra do Navio (Ship Mountains) region, turned out to be so rich—from ten to twenty million tons of surface ore alone averaging 45 to 47 per cent manganese—that additional outside financing would be required for large-scale operation.

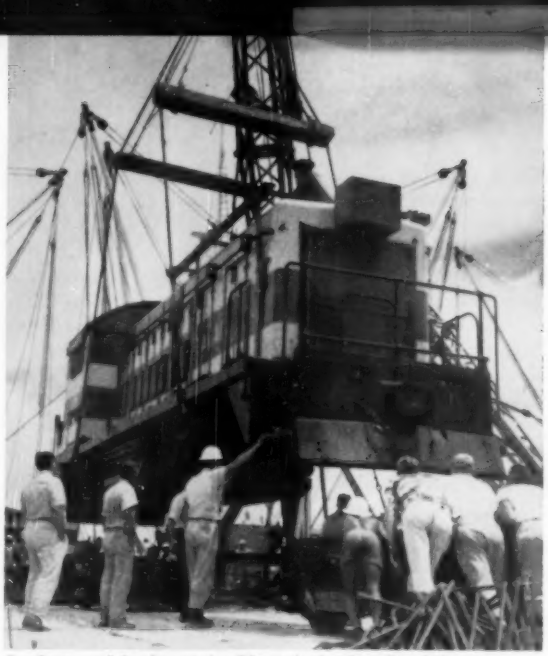
Captain Nunes looked first to Brazilian interests. National law, in fact, reserves the exploitation of mineral wealth to Brazilian individuals and companies. But the project was so extensive and would demand such heavy investment that no willing risk-takers were found. Governor Nunes concluded that unless the manganese were to lie in the ground unused, a way must be found to bring non-Brazilian capital into the venture—despite all the opposition he knew he would face. Why not invite foreigners to participate on a minority basis, with the government leasing the manganese deposits, charging a royalty on shipments, and requiring the concessionaire to fulfill a number of obligations? Buttonholing one government official and public figure after another, convincing them that his method would have foreign capital working for Brazil, he got the idea accepted.

A U.S. concern, Bethlehem Steel Corporation, became the new partner in ICOMI, owning 49 per cent of the stock. The Brazilian-owned 51 per cent is held by the all-Brazilian firm Companhia Auxiliar de Empresas de Mineração. The government satisfied the strictest demands for protection of Brazilian interests. In exchange for the rights to work the Serra do Navio deposits for fifty years, ICOMI agreed:

To build a 121-mile railroad from the Amazon to the mines; to construct port facilities adequate for vessels up to thirty-six thousand tons; to pay the territorial government 4 per cent on the f.o.b. value of each metric ton of ore shipped; to pay an additional 1 per cent, or at its choice invest 20 per cent of its profits in Amapá; to pay, besides, a 5 per cent royalty on shipments over five hundred thousand tons a year, up to a million; to supply Brazil's own manganese needs.

To build the railroad and port installations and equip the mine, the company secured a $67,500,000 loan from the Export-Import Bank in Washington. Repayment, with 4½ per cent interest, begins only after the start of the ore shipments. Until liquidation of the loan, expected by 1965, 70 percent of the ore shipped must go to the United States, the rest to be exported elsewhere if better prices are found.

Manganese is one of the strategic minerals the United States does not possess in appreciable quantities within its own borders. Its yearly consumption, some two million tons, is supplied chiefly from Africa and India. The Soviet Union is another of the world's leading manganese producers. So vital is manganese considered to U.S. defense that in working out the Export-Import loan to finance the Amapá undertaking, the U.S. Defense Materials Procurement Agency pledged itself to buy five and a half million tons of ore for stockpiling, if this proves necessary to guarantee a market. However, Bethlehem Steel, the leading U.S. builder of naval vessels, needs so much manganese that it hardly seems likely.

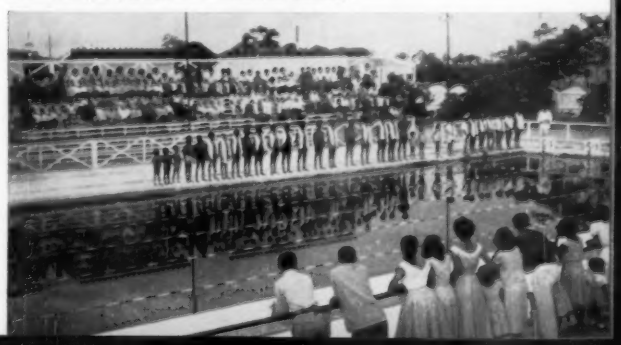


On Santana Island, port for Macapá, the first diesel-electric locomotive of the Amapá line to manganese fields is unloaded

Bethlehem has invested heavily in its Brazilian operation. Just how heavily, officials won't say, but construction of preliminary works was originally budgeted at forty-five million dollars. This included a pier and all dock facilities at Santana Island, the port for Macapá; a



Key to territory's future is youth. Students of rural school near Macapá parade on a national holiday

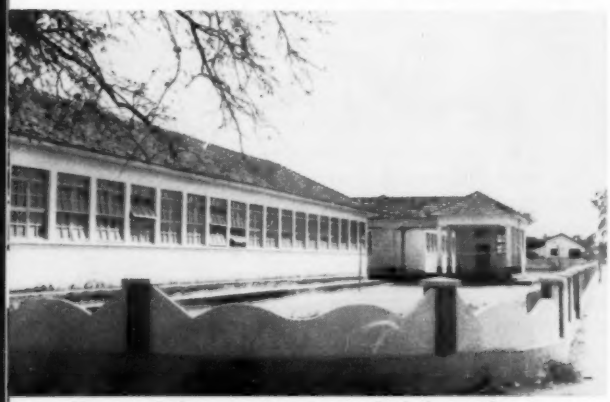


 Youngsters line up just before a public demonstration of their swimming in pool at one of new schools

single-track railroad to the ore fields (and purchase of fifty ore gondolas and three diesel locomotives); a comfortable base camp at Porto Platon to house twelve hundred workers and engineers, nearly a hundred of them North Americans; and installations for strip mining and loading at the ore site.

ICOMI and Bethlehem officials have high praise for tough-trader Nunes, who often came to their aid in getting bureaucratic red tape cleared away. For his part, Colonel Nunes regards the affair as "an extremely useful experiment in collaboration between national and foreign capital. U.S. technical ability has played an important role in the development of the region and the nation."

Colonel Nunes' influence will long be felt in Amapá. On his desk when he turned the governmental reins over to his successor, Amílcar S. Pereira, were blueprints for a fifty-thousand-kilowatt hydroelectric plant to be built on the Araguarí River with the help of a 350,000,000-cruzeiro loan from the National Economic Development Bank. President Kubitschek has just signed the bill au-



Nunes pushed construction of new schools for pupils up through high school

thorizing establishment of the Amapá Electric Company. Also projected under the Nunes administration is a small steel mill, to utilize the territory's iron reserves. Manganese boats could return from the States with coal, which is scarce in Brazil, and the mill could furnish the entire Amazon basin with barbed wire, galvanized iron, and steel plate for the construction of river vessels.

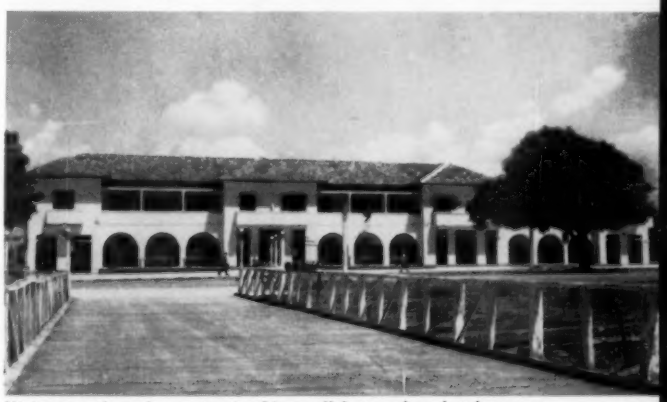
The drive, the determination, the dedication to work, the insistence upon giving his personal direction to every phase of Amapá's operations, the high standards of conduct and responsibility he demanded from himself and his subordinates—these are the qualities that led to his choice as head of Petrobrás.

President Kubitschek had reportedly had his eye on the energetic colonel for a long time, and Colonel Nunes confirms a newspaper account of their first meeting. On that occasion he predicted that Dr. Kubitschek, then governor of Minas Gerais, would be president in 1956 and that he himself could spend four more years in Amapá. Governor Kubitschek, not yet a candidate, laughed. "That's what *you* think," he said. "If I go to Catete Palace, you'll have an important role in my government."

In his new job, Colonel Nunes occupies a pivotal spot in the nation's economy. Brazil produces seven thousand barrels of crude oil a day; it consumes 190,000, and the demand is growing by nearly 20 per cent a year. As a result, it spends some $280,000,000 a year on petroleum imports, dollars that otherwise might purchase needed foreign-made industrial equipment. Except in distribution, direct participation of foreign private capital is prohibited.

Obeying the same twelve-hour-a-day schedule he followed in Amapá, Colonel Nunes is busy familiarizing himself with the multiple aspects of his new assignment. Petrobrás operates a tanker fleet, a refinery in Santos producing forty-five thousand barrels a day, a pipeline up the escarpment to São Paulo, and an asphalt factory, and is sinking exploratory wells with twenty-six drilling rigs.

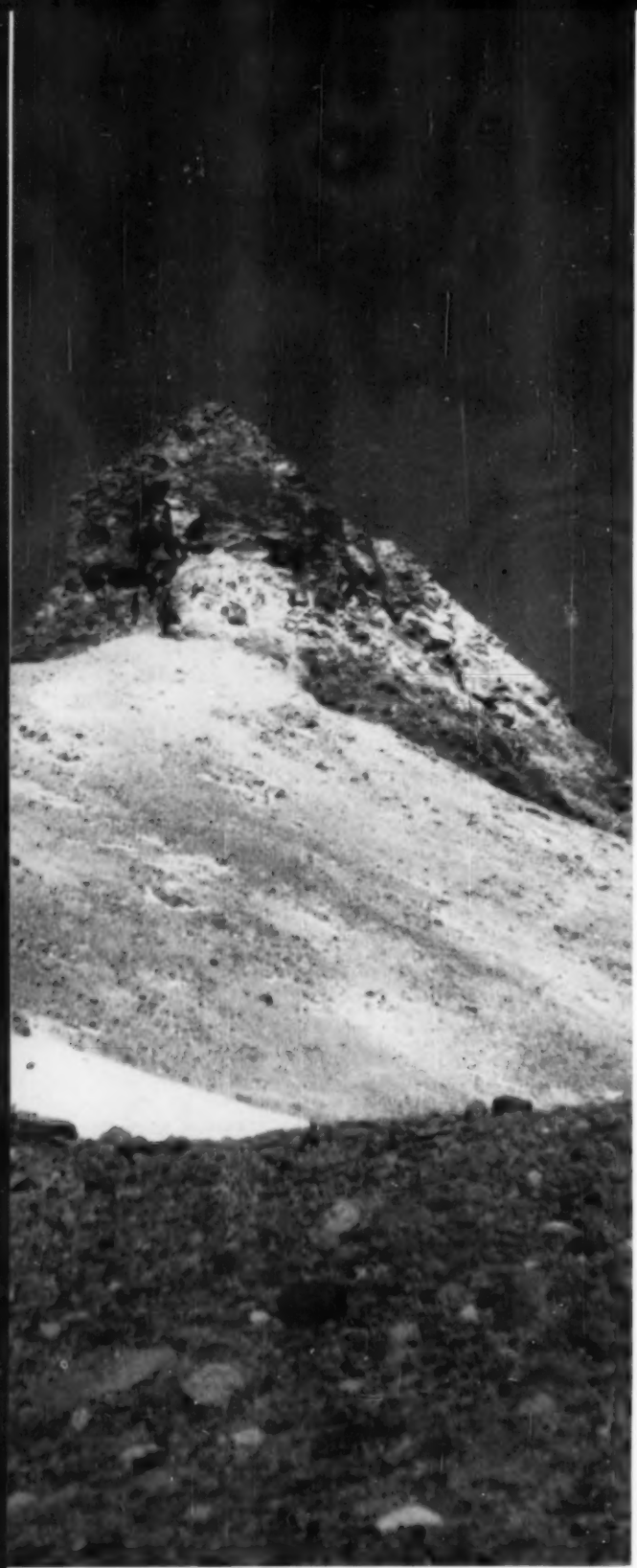
Colonel Nunes' work, which often gets him up at five —from six to ten A.M. are his preferred working hours, and he puts in eight hours more at odd times of the after-



Visitors to Amapá can stay in this small but modern hotel, amuse themselves sightseeing or by taking in a movie

noon and evening—leaves him little time for his wife and four children or for the poetry, novels, and books on technical and administrative problems that are his preferred reading. In manner the colonel is expansive, courteous, and frank. Although he speaks French, Spanish, and English "sufferably," he has seldom left Brazil, except for two brief trips to Portugal and short visits to French Guiana. He enjoys travel by air—a necessity in running the sprawling operations of Petrobrás—despite a 1945 crash-landing in a lake on Marajó, the Netherlands-size island at the mouth of the Amazon. Neither he nor the pilot was scratched, but the accident and the two-hour wait for rescue produced, according to Colonel Nunes, "an interesting sensation."

In his new position, Colonel Nunes' thoughts will not be far removed from the Amazon. Right now drilling is going on most intensively in the area around Nova Olinda, where oil was discovered early in 1955. The question he faces now is, Can oil do for the entire Amazon valley what manganese is doing for Amapá? What the tough little colonel accomplished in Amapá helps provide a basis for the answer. ◆ ◆ ◆



higher than Aconcagua?

CHILEAN EXPEDITION CONQUERS A NEW PEAK

ENRIQUE BUNSTER

FOR HUNDREDS OR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, ever since human eyes first beheld it, Aconcagua had the unquestioned honor of being the highest peak in the Americas, the monarch of the longest mountain chain in the world. Suddenly its crown is shaky, it seems about to topple. The scientific instruments of Captain René Gajardo have proclaimed that there is a peak in Chile even higher than the Argentine colossus: the Ojos del Salado.

In February of this year it was climbed by a joint military-civilian expedition. In sending word of their achievement over a portable transmitter, the expedition announced the altitude of this new "roof" of the Americas: 23,236 feet. The maps give it as 22,402.

The event has caused a stir all over the world, both because there are few higher peaks anywhere and because it shows how little we still know about the topography of the Andes.

Despite the jubilation of the first moments, the results are looked upon as something to be accepted cautiously. It is not easy to establish the height of a mountain; it takes months of work to rectify the instrument figures—to correct errors caused by pressure, temperature, refraction, and so on. It is significant that Aconcagua, so often climbed and measured, is at present ascribed three distinct altitudes—23,075, 23,107, and 23,029 feet. And the North Americans do not altogether agree on the height of Mt. McKinley.

This is not to say that doubt has been cast on Gajardo's figures. At most, they may not be exact—as he says himself. In any case, we now know that Salado is an immensely tall Andean giant, certainly higher than twenty-three thousand feet and a worthy rival of the superb Aconcagua.

For those of us who are free of chauvinism and the spirit of competition, the exciting thing is the achievement itself—that is, the preparations for it, the organization, the efforts of the participants. I, who will not walk a hundred yards up a hillside, bow low before these masters of the terrible precipice.

Salado is in northern Chile near the Argentine border, in Atacama Province, at about 27°6′ south and 68°32′ west. It takes its name from the enormous deposits of mineral salts, which look like lakes, left behind by

Chilean journalist ENRIQUE BUNSTER *has accompanied exploratory expeditions similar to the one he writes about here: one to the Antarctic, another to Tahiti.*

glaciers. Thirteen and a half miles long and a little over seven wide, it extends from northeast to southwest. It has four summits, two of which—the eastern and the southern—are the walls of a sleeping volcano. It can safely be said, then, that Salado is the highest volcano in the world. It is surrounded by several other very high peaks. One was climbed in 1937 by a Polish party; another in 1952 by a Chilean, Oscar Alvarez, whose altimeter recorded its altitude as 22,966 feet.

The recent expedition was sponsored by the Mountaineering School of the Chilean army. Captain Gajardo, its leader, acquired his experience in the Italian Alps and has two ascents of Aconcagua to his credit. Among his subordinates were Erik Klohn, geologist; Juan Simken, glaciologist; Jorge Velastín, alpinist; Renato Gatica and Héctor Barrientos, military engineers; Wayne V. Miller, a U.S. geodesist; Vicente Chiaranda, photographer; and Arturo Larraín, a doctor who is a veteran of Antarctic expeditions.



When convoy arrived at Barrancas Blancas, climbers were already at 15,092 feet



Fantastic ice formations resembling ghosts are called penitentes *in Chile. Some are six feet tall*



Before final assault on the summit, party receives instructions from Captain Gajardo, expedition leader

Twenty-eight courageous climbers started from Río Blanco, about a hundred miles north of Santiago, on January 27, in a convoy of three station wagons, a jeep, and an eight-ton truck. The equipment included three portable radios, nylon clothing quilted with down, insulated tents, oxygen, and a modern first-aid chest; the provisions consisted of 265 pounds of bread, 11 pounds of corn meal, 11 pounds of rice, 22 pounds of dried peaches, 44 pounds of flour, tinned meat, dehydrated soup, salted crackers, puddings, and chocolate. Miller told the press that "the preparations for this expedition have surpassed in care and diligence anything I have ever seen. Nothing that could be foreseen was left to chance."

At Barrancas Blancas, seven hundred miles to the north, they left the vehicles. Here they were already at 15,092 feet. The air was heavy, it was snowing, and fierce winds were blowing. At times fog shut out the view completely. The first cases of altitude sickness and nosebleed occurred.

At their first camp, they began their work with altimeters and hypsometers. This was to determine the altitude of the base points, from which the height of the peak would be calculated by triangulation with theodolites.

Camp number 2, at 17,388 feet, was thirteen and a half miles farther on, in a field of volcanic sand, ashes, and pumice. Salado, a long, blackish, arrogant hump, dominated the grandiose scene. Most of the men suffered from the altitude. Blinding flashes of sunlight glinted off the snow, and gusts of wind, laden at times with sand and gravel, shrieked through the camp. An ice field near by provided water. The temperature fluctuated between 61 and 5 degrees Fahrenheit. Heavy snow fell constantly. The nightly cold froze the oil lamps, and before they could be lighted they had to be thawed out in the little stove.

From this second camp, Captain Gajardo announced by radio on February 2 that he would not be in touch with Santiago again until the objective had been reached. After that, the public could only wait anxiously for news, for Andean ascents have cost many lives.

A party of nine, including Gajardo, set out to make the final assault on the peak, approaching from the western flank. At twenty thousand feet or thereabouts, Salado proved a hard nut to crack. The ground was slippery and strewn with stones loosened by the picks and the spiked boots. One false step could mean a fall into the abyss. The men were not lashed together except when crossing glaciers, and they followed a zig-zag course. It was snowing, and the wind howled among the peaks. Some of the men had nosebleed, others violent headaches.

Gajardo later told reporters: "You're like an automaton, you breathe hard and your heart thuds. You walk bent over and grabbing at anything you can take hold of, with your mouth open, panting like a wounded animal. The blood pounds in your temples and your vision is



Crossing a field of penitentes *at twenty thousand feet*

foggy. Your brain hardly functions; you might say we were going along half-unconscious. But you keep on climbing, with the fixed idea that you have a mission to accomplish and that at least one of you must reach the top."

Suffocating clouds of sand and dust were borne on the wind. Rest stops became more frequent; the men would halt every 150 feet, flinging themselves on the ground as if they were going no farther.

The titanic effort did not prevent the scientists from making their observations. Klohn, the geologist, jotted down in his notes: "No proof was found of the presence of any mineral of value. The legend that Salado contains silver mines is destroyed. Its structure is essentially volcanic. There is sulphur near the crater, originating in fumaroles that expel sulphurous gases."

At each stage the climb became slower and more laborious. The weaker members kept lagging behind, and the others had to stop and wait for them. Gajardo's narrative states that they climbed ice walls, advanced through patches of jagged ice formations, crossed three glaciers and great stretches of volcanic sand, and negotiated slopes covered with creviced snow. The route kept changing—south, east, northeast, north.

There was a moment of horror when Miller, the geodesist, slipped as a rock projection gave under his weight. He succeeded in getting a grip on a cavity in the rock and hung there in space, above a drop of thousands of yards. He was so exhausted that he could not have held on for more than a few seconds. His aghast companions, themselves risking a fatal fall, managed with infinite care to seize him and haul him back to safety.

The exertion this required gave one of the men a fit of altitude sickness, a grave ailment that can cause death or mental disturbance. Captain Gajardo at once ordered two of the climbers to carry the sufferer down to the nearest camp.

So there remained only six climbers to press forward to the summit. Almost spent, they were now dragging themselves, rather than walking. The temperature was eighteen below zero, and the wind was terrifying. The glacial cold penetrated their warm gloves and numbed their fingertips.

At 22,259 feet, on a secondary peak, they found a sealed jar containing the names of the members of the Polish expedition of 1937. No indication was found that this party had been able to go any higher.

On Sunday, February 5, Gajardo's group left the last camp. It was a struggle of almost eight hours to the top. The last seven hundred feet seemed to take an eternity. The six men progressed inch by inch, staggering like drunks. At 2:45 they stopped on a pile of crushed rock—the summit of the Ojos del Salado. At their feet was the highest volcano known to date, emitting blasts of air and sulphur from a crater thirteen hundred feet in diameter. The smell was so strong that they had to keep their distance.

They embraced each other and dropped to the stones. Their nylon parkas were bloodstained, their faces burnt, their hands frozen into fists.

From there they saw what only condors had seen before them. To the west they could make out the Atacama desert, and beyond it, 155 miles away, the Pacific Ocean —"a silver mirror," Gajardo says, "forming a brilliant line interrupted here and there by high peaks." To the east shone the Argentine pampas flooded with sun.

They rested an hour—long enough to operate the altimeters, take photographs and movies, and leave documentation—and then headed back.

Going down was no easier or less dangerous than going up, for besides the equipment they collected from the various camps, they carried in their knapsacks heavy samples of rock, sand, volcanic stone and ash destined for the laboratory.

On the sixth the triumphant radiogram reached Santiago: "PEAK SUCCESSFULLY CLIMBED. HIGHER THAN ACONCAGUA. GREETINGS EXPEDITION.—GAJARDO."

Let us note, in closing, that its altitude was calculated at 23,236 feet by triangulation and at 23,239 on the altimeters—a difference of one miserable yard. ◆ ◆ ◆



Victory—four of the six men who reached the summit. Their names have not been announced, as Gajardo believes triumph is shared by entire expedition

THE MAN FROM TURRIALBA

ARMANDO SAMPER

RAMIRO RAMÍREZ REY, a young agronomist who had graduated from one of the finest agricultural schools in Latin America, had been an excellent student. He had pored over the professors' mimeographed lectures and never skipped a class. When he found that the school library had only a few ancient textbooks, he had used his savings to buy some basic works: a text on plant diseases, a treatise on soils, an entomology manual, and others. Since almost all were written in English, he had done his best to learn the new language. After graduation he got a job with the Ministry of Agriculture and was assigned to the Central Agricultural Experiment Station. He arrived full of enthusiasm, determined to become a qualified researcher.

Then Ramiro Ramírez Rey's tribulations began.

He soon discovered that his professors' lectures had not gone into enough detail to give him any ideas on how to tackle his first research project: a disease that had disastrously afflicted the region's principal crop. He found that his plant-pathology text was out of date. The so-called library at the station, which was run by the storekeeper, did not receive any of the technical magazines that probably would carry recent findings of scientists who were working on the same problem in other countries. The annual reports of other experiment stations, which undoubtedly would contain helpful information, came out several years behind schedule. He found only one or two on the dusty shelf where the storekeeper had buried them.

Ramiro Ramírez Rey was growing desperate.

One day a foreign visitor arrived at the station. Let's call him Gonzalo López. He had been sent there by a specialized agency of the OAS, the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences in Turrialba, Costa Rica. López had come to find out about the work at the experiment station and any problems the technicians might have encountered. Ramírez had heard that those international agencies were good for nothing and that their technicians only wasted the time of the personnel at the stations, never solving any of their problems.

"They don't give us the laboratory equipment we need," one of his co-workers had remarked. "And instead of staying for a year or two to really help us out of predicaments, they drop in out of the blue, then disappear after two or three days. And no one even knows why they came in the first place."

"But if each one stayed a year," Ramírez had commented, "it would take about twenty years to make the rounds just once."

"In any case, there are too many international institutions," the other fellow argued. "What can Turrialba do that we can't do right here?"

Nothing more was said, but Ramírez decided to take his problems to the Turrialba technician anyway. It turned out that Gonzalo López represented the SIC, which, as he explained, stood for Servicio de Intercambio Científico (Scientific Exchange Service). Ramírez asked if he knew of any material on the disease he was investigating. López shook his head, but offered to write to the plant pathologist at Turrialba, who would surely send him some references. Then he asked Ramírez if he had consulted the *Bibliography of Agriculture* or the *Agricultural Index*, published by the U.S. Department of Agriculture and the H. W. Wilson Company respectively. When Ramírez said that he was not familiar with them, López explained that each carried a monthly index where he could probably find all the important, recently pub-

Colombian ARMANDO SAMPER *is a "Man From Turrialba" himself, connected with the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences in Costa Rica.*

lished articles and pamphlets on the disease.

"Why didn't they tell me at school about those publications?" Ramírez wondered. One of his plans had been to build up a card file of references on problems he might have to investigate, but it was such an overwhelming job that he had not even started. Besides, he would have to have access to all the worth-while technical magazines, which someone had told him ran into the thousands. Only now did he learn that this was already being done for him, so to speak.

The two men then went to the library to look for these U.S. publications. The storekeeper said the station did not receive them, but as they were leaving, López paused at a pile of dusty papers that had been tossed into a corner. He pulled one out, blew off the dust, and handed it to Ramírez. It was the *Bibliography of Agriculture*. The storekeeper recalled that it was a copy another technician had brought from the United States, but he had not bothered to file it on the shelves because it was only a single copy and so not worth anything.

López took a salmon-colored card from his pocket, marked something on it, and said: "When I'm ready to leave here, I'll air-mail this card to Turrialba. I won't be back there for about two months, but the SIC will begin sending you what you need right away. And I'm going to ask the U.S. Department of Agriculture Library to send you the *Bibliography* every month. They collaborate in our program and will be very glad to help you."

Then he showed Ramírez how to locate quickly the references on the disease he was studying. The latter was astonished that the index of a single issue listed twelve articles that had appeared in magazines in different parts of the world, and that the Experiment Station for Tropical Agriculture in a neighboring country had recently published a complete pamphlet on the subject. When they showed the storekeeper this reference, he said that the library received all of that station's publications, but since he had neither boxes for storing pamphlets nor sufficient shelf space, he kept only those the director indicated and threw out the rest. Poking through a pile of unopened envelopes and rolled-up magazines on a table, they found the bulletin in question. Fortunately, the storekeeper had not had time to get rid of it.

On their way out of the library Ramírez remarked that in those few minutes he had learned something that would save him several years of work. By knowing what had already been done in the field, he could spend his time planning an experiment to determine the most economical, most effective way of combatting the disease under the special climatic conditions of his area. He added that he did not see why he had never been taught how to use the library and bibliographic sources.

"Unfortunately," López pointed out, "many experiment stations still believe in the all-importance of soil, tractors, and microscopes; they forget that the library must be the basic instrument of research. But first a good librarian must be trained."

Then he said that just the week before he had visited Ramírez' alma mater and that the new dean, who was intent upon improving library facilities there, had arranged for the librarian to receive a six-month training scholarship at Turrialba. In addition, because of the dean's interest, Turrialba would give the school library three-year subscriptions to the ten bibliographic magazines most needed by professors and students, to encourage that kind of research.



Extensive experimental program at Turrialba benefits agronomists throughout Hemisphere. Shown here, shaded nursery for seedlings

Ramírez beamed. He was discovering a bibliographic world that was amazingly complete and utterly fascinating. For example, López had explained that the British magazines *Field Crop Abstracts* and *Horticultural Abstracts*, just two of a dozen or more of the same sort, give résumés as well as simple bibliographic references to articles published all over the world.

"But that's wonderful," Ramírez exclaimed enthusiastically. "It's a sort of scientific intelligence service."

"That's about what it is," the Turrialban agreed. "We must root out, compile, classify, index, and make available scientific publications, so that any researcher anywhere can have results of other investigations right on his desk where he needs them."

Then he told about modern techniques of scientific communication. For example, a rapid selector file of articles on microfilm automatically selects and prints copies of those on any desired subject. And a complete library can be kept in a file drawer on special microcards that carry the full texts of books. Ramírez heard about methods and machines that were entirely new to him, that he had never even dreamed possible.

Back in his office, however, he was overcome with doubts. It was all very interesting, but how would it help him if his station library was so incomplete? It would do no good to write to the publishers for back issues, because scientific journals generally do not print many extra copies. And if he wanted to ask the author for a reprint, he would not only have difficulty finding the address but have to wait months for the material.

He was taken aback when López assured him: "That's easy. All you have to do is send us the references, and we'll send you photostatic copies of the articles you need. Just to help researchers like you who have no access to a good library, the Rockefeller Foundation helped us set up a photostating service a few years ago. Our specialized

library at Turrialba regularly receives some 1,230 magazines and serial publications, and, with this service, it's as if you had our collection right here."

"And," asked Ramírez, "if the library at Turrialba doesn't have some of those magazines, a back issue or the like, what happens?"

"We immediately ask the U.S. Department of Agriculture Library or any of the other libraries around the world that cooperate in this program to air-mail us a microfilm of the article. We print enlargements so you won't have to bother with a microfilm reader."

"And if the bibliographic references I get from an article are incomplete?"

"Our bibliographer, who always has excellent sources handy, completes them."

"And if I don't find any references at all?"

"Write to us telling what the specific problem is that you're going to investigate, and our bibliographer will prepare a basic list of references, as a starter for your own search. Since each article provides additional references, they multiply quicky. Then, too, the *Suplemento Bibliográfico* of our magazine *Turrialba* offers abstracts in Spanish of articles from specialized publications on coffee, cacao, plant diseases and physiology, and so on, and a complete subject index of articles in the principal scientific agricultural magazines of Latin America. The Library acquisitions list, another section of the *Suplemento,* can also be useful as a bibliographic tool."

López pulled a thick magazine from his brief case and handed it to Ramírez. As he marked another cross on the salmon-colored card, he said: "I'm going to send you a year's courtesy subscription to both. After that, if you find them really worth while in your work, you can fill in a regular subscription card and continue to receive them at cost."

Ramírez leafed through the magazine and noted that the abstracts were printed on cards, three to a page.

"We do that so you can cut them out and make them part of your own file," López explained.

"An excellent idea," his friend agreed.

When López was about to leave the station, Ramírez remarked: "The SIC has really established a complete service for agricultural researchers in Latin America. The only thing missing is an intelligence service that would inform us about investigations even before the results are published."

"We do that too," said López. "The Rockefeller Foundation is contributing funds, and we have organized a new service, completely different from anything in Latin America today, that will keep you agricultural researchers up to date on the projects already under way."

He again marked a cross on the salmon-colored card. "We'll send you a loose-leaf notebook, and each week we'll air-mail you lists of researchers, their projects, and other pertinent information. We'll also send a monthly newsletter, so that you'll know something of the activities of your colleagues in the Americas. We've already selected some twelve hundred researchers who have agreed to send us information on their projects in exchange for the pages SIC sends them."

The day that the salmon-colored card left by plane for Turrialba, Ramiro Ramírez Rey became part of the OAS Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences' scientific exchange movement. That night, as he fell into a deep, untroubled sleep, he was anxious for the dawn of the new day when he would plunge into the research that would lead to the discovery of a means of routing the blight that had cut the region's harvest in half. ◆ ◆ ◆

The Scientific Exchange Service is only one aspect of the work performed by the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences, a specialized agency of the OAS established in 1942 to carry on research, to train students of all the American countries in scientific farming methods, and to spread knowledge of sound agricultural practice throughout the Hemisphere. A complete account of the Institute's work appeared in AMERICAS *in September 1950 under the title "Turrialba Farms for Tomorrow."*

Administration building of Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences at Turrialba, Costa Rica



THE FEAST OF ST. JOHN

JUNE 24 CELEBRATION IS ROOTED IN ANTIQUITY

JUAN LISCANO



Paris cannon join celebration of Fires of St. John in square before City Hall, June 24, 1613. Engraving by Mathieu Merian

I HAVE SEEN Venezuelan Negroes bathe themselves on the bright morning of St. John's Day, when the first rays of the sun tint the vegetation and faces with a gold that is a mixture of the color of baked earth and red. I have seen them bathe the saint's image. I have seen them dip their farming tools and machetes in the water. I have seen the women's skirts swell out like a bellflower opening on the water. I have heard the unanimous and profound cry that rises when they think that the dove of the Holy Ghost is crossing over the water and over the immersed neophyte, as in the lithographs of the Baptism of Jesus by St. John. Then the sun, the burning sun of the tropics, assumes the role of the Baptist and gives its blessing, from its lofty realm of fire and splendor, to the Negro people in the river.

People elsewhere have their own versions of the ceremonies. Indeed, there are innumerable variations, in both the Old World and the New, of this almost universally celebrated saint's day. What is the origin of the strange mixture of pagan and Christian customs with which it is observed?

During the first centuries of its growth, expansion, and consolidation, the Catholic Church continually adapted itself to the ancient civilizations. It absorbed pagan cults, sometimes without destroying their form—simply eliminating their content and redirecting them along a Christian course. Thus, in the fourth century, to take advantage of the celebrations of the *Natalis Solis Invicti*, the New Sun, which originated in the Persian cult of the god Mithras, it transferred the date of the birth of Christ from March to December.

The summer solstice occurs around the twenty-first or twenty-second of June. This is the longest day of the year and marks the beginning of summer in the Northern Hemisphere. At the same time the sun begins to retrace its steps, starting its descent toward autumn and winter. This phenomenon deeply impressed the men of antiquity, most of whom worshipped the sun. In order to protect it in its transit and rebirth, they lit symbolic bonfires. To this day those solsticial fires cast their flames—in the bonfires of the Feast of St. John the Baptist. The Catholic Church celebrates St. John's birth on June 24 and his death on August 29. These are evidently symbolic dates, for it has not been possible to establish the actual ones with any certainty.

The striking thing is that the Feast of St. John the Baptist almost coincides with the summer solstice. And we know that in ancient times that was the occasion for especially solemn religious ceremonies. Among them were the "fires of joy" and the mistletoe harvest of the Celts, and the fires lighted to commemorate the cremation of the treacherously slain Balder, the handsome and good son of Odin—in Viking style, atop his ship converted into a funeral pyre. In Rome, the summer solstice was celebrated with an aquatic and fire-worshipping festival that was to have a notable influence on the customs that have given individuality to the Feast of St. John the Baptist. Why did the Church choose the Baptist, rather than some other saint, to "cover" the solstice festivals of antiquity? Was this selection by deliberate purpose or out of respect for custom?

I have not been able to discover when the Feast of St. John the Baptist was instituted, if it did have an official beginning. But the reasons that may have contributed to this selection or recognition seem plain enough. St. John the Baptist has been one of the most popular saints in the Catholic pantheon, and in the subtle field of doctrinal and theological controversies—interpretation of the Gospels, of the institution of Christian baptism, and of the education of Jesus—his presence as a Precursor has posed a problem not always resolved.

Was Jesus a disciple of John? Did John expound some aspects of the doctrine before Jesus, or did he merely announce the arrival of the Messiah? Was John's baptism a purifying rite or a rite of initiation and association? The existence of "Christians of St. John" and other heresies preoccupied the Church in the first centuries of

JUAN LISCANO, *now resident in Paris, founded the Bureau of Folklore Research in his native Caracas, Venezuela. He is also a winner of his country's National Prize for Literature.*

its history. Around St. John a legend was built up, without any biographical or chronological basis, that has survived to our day. It presents his mother Elizabeth as a cousin of the Virgin Mary. He was even imagined as a childhood playmate of Jesus and barely six months older. Masters of painting, like Pinturicchio, Luini, Carrache, and Murillo, portrayed Jesus and the Baptist as two boys at play, still unaware of the destiny awaiting them.

The Church gave the Baptist special distinction, celebrating his terrestrial birth, an honor he shares only with Jesus and the Virgin Mary. All other saints merit only the celebration of the date of their death, considered as their birth into eternal life. Moreover, his office of Baptist, his relation with the water of purification and with the divine fire of the Holy Ghost, made him the most appropriate celestial personality to take over, for a Christian function, fire and water rites that were originally pagan. The water of baptism superseded the fertile



The Baptism of Christ, *by Giovanni Baronzio, XIV century, in Samuel H. Kress Collection, National Gallery of Art, Washington*

water of primitive magic. The dove of light of the Holy Ghost flew over the bonfires of the solstice. Saint John had to baptize the radiant Osiris, who grew up on the shores of the powerful Nile; Adonis and Dionysus, who were born by the sea; and the mysterious Balder of the misty forests of the North. The miracle of the conversion into a Christian rite had been accomplished.

In the time of St. Gregory the Great (Pope from 590 to 604 A.D.) three Masses were said on St. John's Day. One, at night, to commemorate his preaching and his function as a Precursor; the second, at dawn, to celebrate his function as the Baptist, the lighter of spiritual lights; and the third, at three o'clock, to honor his sanctity. The liturgy of St. John contained a formula for blessing dried cloves, which, according to the ritual, served to protect the Christian from the pitfalls of Evil. An orthodox explanation is that this was to evoke the offering of balsam and exotic perfumes that the churches of the East made on June 23 to that of Rome. The people lighted bonfires and danced around them—the fires of St. John, believed to ward off the plague and other scourges. They used to throw a puppet stuffed with straw into the fire. It represented Evil. But it was also a survival of pagan agricultural rites to promote fertility.

In the cities, in the villages, and in the fields, old people, youths, and loving couples all gathered around the bonfires to eat, dance, and sing. Torchlight processions and fireworks brightened the Eve and the Day of St. John the Baptist. In some places it was customary to roll a wheel lined with burning straw down a hillside toward a near-by river. If it reached the stream and was extinguished by the water, the vintage or the harvest



St. John's Day fiesta in Ouro Preto, Brazil, as pictured by Alberto da Veiga Guignard. Painting in Museum of Modern Art

would be abundant. There is an obvious symbolic relationship between the burning wheel and the sun beginning its descent down the hills of autumn to the cold of winter. This custom combined the three characteristics of the Feast of St. John the Baptist: a fire rite, a water rite, and a fortune-telling ceremony.

In Spain the Feast of St. John was very important. It embraced innumerable superstitions and beliefs indiscriminately adopted from the Celts, the Romans, the Arabs, and Catholic practices. On St. John's Eve and Day people would make excursions to the beaches, rivers, springs, and brooks. Popular ballads frequently mention the St. John's Day baths and gay boat rides.

The aquatic rite was especially important among rural

people, for from earliest times they had tried to wield magical control over rain through all kinds of practices related to water. Among them, the symbolic bath held a dominant place and was an integral part of the Feast of St. John the Baptist. This bath was generally a group activity, and sometimes a dummy made of straw and leaves accompanied the bathers, the majority of whom were women, perhaps because of their reproductive powers.

St. John's Eve and Day were propitious times for divination, particularly in regard to love, fortune, and death. It was also a time for gathering certain plants—rue, mint, mugwort, rosemary, sweet basil, camomile, verbena, clover, and certain ferns—which would thereby acquire special powers. Sorcery, incantations, and spells came to detract from the rites of purification and the struggle against Evil. The voice of the saint cried out now in the night of superstition, a night of omens and auguries, of diabolic flames, of reflections from enchanted waters and mirrors, and no one seemed to hear him, for they had given themselves over to the cult of mysteries and black magic.

With the discovery of America, Indians and later Negroes discovered St. John the Baptist. The Spaniards and the Portuguese brought along their faith and the customs connected with the popular festival.

In Spanish and Portuguese America, all the superstitions of the Feast of St. John also caught on. As in Europe, bonfires burned, ritual baths were taken, people consulted mirrors, needles, ashes, and the forms assumed by the white of an egg. Marriageable girls tremblingly hid a key, a flower, or twigs of laurel under their pillows, in order to dream of the one who would be their husband or betrothed. Just at noon on the eve of the feast, a pair of scissors, a key, a rosary, and a ring would be put in a corner of a room that was then kept carefully closed until midnight, when the women who wanted to try their fortune would enter it, one after another. Their future lot would be indicated by the object they took hold of in the darkness. The scissors said seamstress; the key, mistress of a house; the rosary, one blessed; the ring announced matrimony. Chances of wealth were improved by ceremoniously burying a coin at noon on the Eve and digging it up next day.

But the nocturnal hours of the Eve were the most favorable for sorcery, incantation, and augury. By that time the fiesta would be in full swing in the town. The fireworks would have started, and dances in the public plazas. The Negroes would gather around the drums. Bonfires would burn and lovers dance around them. At midnight, the landowners would arrive with their retinue to jump their horses over the rising flames.

Various kinds of fortune-telling were performed beside the bonfires. A basin full of water offered the possibility of reflections. If a person looked into it and failed to see his face, he would be dead before the next St. John's Eve. People made the sign of the cross over the fire with a mirror or a glass of water into which an egg had been broken. If a mirror was used, it had to be put at once on the roof of the house. At dawn on St. John's Day, the face of the future betrothed should appear in it. The glass of water had to be put behind the bedroom door or on a chest of drawers. In the morning, if the egg white looked like a church, there would be a marriage; if a ship, a voyage; if a coffin, a death. A coin or a branch of basil served for the same experiment. The coin was given to the first beggar who asked for alms on St. John's Day, and his name would be the name of the unknown spouse. The basil branch had to be thrown on the roof. If it was still green at dawn, the interested party would marry a young man; if it wilted, her husband would be old.

The sun rose on St. John's Day amid the noise of a dying festival and exclamations of joy or despair at the answers the auguries had given. The people gathered up the glowing embers, which they thought had beneficial powers. As the dawn came—but no later, for then the waters would lose their strength—they took the ritual bath. Then came the Mass, lunches, and sky rockets. Everywhere the cry resounded: "Viva San Juan!" or "Viva São João!" A greased pig was let loose for the boys to try to catch for a prize; bulls with flaming banderillas appeared; the men climbed the greased pole. Lunchtime revealed a vast culinary display: roast meat, corn, manioc, yams, potatoes, sweet potatoes, eggs.

Some dishes varied from region to region, but the usual seasoning was based on chili. In Brazil, they used to eat yams, St. John's cake, and *canjica*, the traditional dessert for this day, made of corn meal, coconut milk, sugar, and cinnamon. In Venezuela they ate a *sancocho*, or thin chicken stew, or a tripe soup called *mondongo*, melted cheese, fried banana along with fried or roast meat, desserts made of guava or quince, and coconut candies. The beverage could be *guarapo* made from pineapple, or fermented *chicha*. During the festivities liquor made from sugar cane was consumed heavily. In Venezuela it was prepared with mint; in Brazil they used ginger and called it *quentão*.

An altar in the parlor displayed the image or effigy of the saint, adorned with flowers, lace, garlands, and lights. In midafternoon the solemn procession took place. Music opened the march. The priest followed, and the saint, carried on a litter by the men. The women waved flags. Then came the general population without distinction of sex, age, or color. The fires began to burn again, the rockets to shoot off sparks, other fireworks to open their peacock tails. Dancing resumed, and again the cry rang out: "Viva San Juan!"

In some places the festival took on special characteristics. In Camagüey, Cuba, the celebration became a showy carnival with parades of coaches, masks, parties, and dancing in the streets. It was the custom in the cattle-raising area to sell the livestock in June after it had fattened on the spring grass, and when the sales were completed, gay horse races were held in the streets. That was the beginning of the present carnivals.

In Villarrica Department, Paraguay, the festival and the nocturnal games were known as the *Rúa*. During the Rúa of St. John (there is another for St. Peter) burlesque and symbolic entertainments were staged. Amid the loud *vivas* for the saint the *kamba r'anga* and *guaikuru*



St. John's fires still burn. Priest gives his blessing at modern festival in Haute-Garonne Department, France



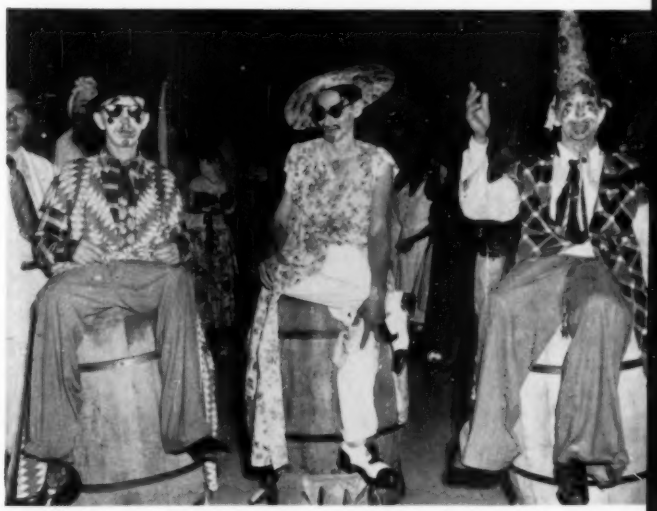
French youngsters catch the spirit of ancient fire rites



"Traffic Signal" is amusing character in St. John's parade in Camagüey, Cuba



This man, who apparently found no partner to his liking for St. John's festivities, made his own out of rags and a mask



Camagüeyanos *don't skimp on the celebration. Grotesque costumes are seen throughout fiestas from June 15 to 29*



Cart decked out with coconut-palm leaves and colored paper streamers carried Camagüey children in the parade



Lighting a candle to St. John at home altar in Barlovento region, Miranda State, Venezuela



Image of the Baptist is carried back to its place in church after tour of village, which sometimes includes ducking in river



Venezuelan drum dancers reach peak of frenzy in tribute to St. John



Joaquín Rivas, known as "Tocapalitos," is master of the pujao *drum played for Barlovento dances*

groups, representing the Negroes and the Indians, would burst into the plaza. The former wore masks and beat the participants with inflated bladders. The latter were decked out in feathers and palm leaves, and accompanied by people costumed as ostriches, alligators, wild bees, and honey hunters.

At São Luis de Paraitinga, Brazil, the Feast of St. John had a strong agricultural character. A furrow was dug in front of the house while the family sang *Salve Regina*. Eggs and seeds were placed in the hole, and a branch was planted to look like a tree, decorated with flowers and fruits, especially the *sipó*, the flower of St. John, and the first ears of corn. The rite was designed to favor the harvest. In the same town the saint's statue was bathed in the river and certain auguries were read.

It would take a whole book to describe all the varied ceremonial forms St. John's Day celebrations have taken in America, but the cries of "Viva San Juan!" or "Viva São João!" are still heard in this season of heat and rains that favor the growth of crops.

But in the same way that the Church rechanneled ancient pagan cults along Christian lines, the Negroes brought from Africa to Spanish or Portuguese America turned the Catholicism they were taught toward their own religions. This syncretism produced one of the most fascinating cultural phenomena of recent times: the creation of new religious systems in America.

The practices of Cuban *santería*, the voodoo cult of Haiti, the *macumba* and *candomblé* rites in Brazil, and Father Divine's sect in the United States are not mere regressive survivals of African cultures but genuine religions with a system of metaphysics, a liturgy, organization, and a priestly hierarchy. These religious systems have managed to win proselytes among white people and mulattoes. Far from being decadent, they maintain their strength and resist the process of civilization, which is none too favorable to religious development. The most powerful nuclei of most of these cults are found in the cities. In Cuba, Havana and Santiago are the main centers of *santería*. In Brazil, Rio de Janeiro with its *macumba*, Bahia with its *candomblé*, Recife with its *changó*, Maranhão with its *tambor*, are the principal focuses of Afro-Brazilian religions. Father Divine also made converts among urban people. Haitian voodoo, in contrast, is based on the faith of a rural population.

Apparently, St. John the Baptist did not occupy a

leading place among the Afro-American divinities, who were almost always represented by images of the Catholic saints. St. Barbara, St. Lazarus, St. Anthony, St. Benedict, St. George, the numerous aspects of the Virgin venerated in these countries—Our Lady of the Rosary, Our Lady of Piety, Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, Our Lady of Charity, and Our Lady of Regla (a Cuban town)—St. Elizabeth of Hungary and the brothers SS. Cosmas and Damian figure much more prominently than St. John the Baptist. Above all, they are associated with principal deities such as the Cuban Changó, Omolú, Babalú, Ayé, Ochún, and Yemayá, or the Atibun Legba, Ayida Oueddo, and Ogou Ferraille of Haitian voodoo. In Cuban *santería* St. John the Baptist is assimilated with Ololú, a gentle African divinity. In Haiti he is sometimes associated with the *loa*, or voodoo god, of the *Pétro* cult known as *Ti Jean Pétro*, a post of high importance, and sometimes he is related with *Agaou Tonnerre*. He also figures in the *Rada* cult, of earlier origin than the *Pétro*. But he never attains the importance of the great *loas*. Among the Negro and mulatto fishermen and farmers who inhabit the coast and valleys of the Venezuelan Federal District and states of Aragua, Carabobo, Miranda, Sucre, and Yaracuy, and certain parts of Cojedes, Portuguesa, Guárico, and Monagas, St. John again takes on the principal role. In connection with his feast, drum dances are put on, sometimes lasting several days; fortune-telling is practiced, and ritual baths and processions take place.

In Venezuela there are no cohesive religious systems of African origin comparable with *santería*, voodoo, *macumba*, and *candomblé*. Because of the process of political and social emancipation that ended slavery *de facto* by 1820, the Negroes did not have to resort to their old ritual practices to erect a protective wall against exploitation by white men. They were integrated into the national life and, with the war of independence from Spain, won equality. This brought with it the de-Africanization of the Venezuelan Negro. In religion, he forgot the worship of the African deities and was absorbed into Catholicism. But when the drums resound in the night for the Feast of St. John, his ancestral soul seems to express itself within the Catholic forms.

As we have seen, the custom of honoring this date, of going to the seashore or the rivers and carrying the effigy of the saint into the water, of believing in the water's magical and purifying qualities at daybreak on St. John's Day, all came from Spain. In Venezuela, as a rule, the aquatic rites have supplanted the fire rites. But the instruments, the way of singing, the impetus and frenzy of the dances, the surrender of the individual soul to a group feeling that absorbs and transforms it, the unconscious seeking of the state of trance or possession—these come from Africa.

There is not *one* drum dance but a multitude of them, done to the beat of instruments whose shape and sound vary according to the region. There are drums with nailed heads, others with a system of cords and pegs, some with leather on both ends, others with a single surface. Some are beaten with the fingers, others with sticks. The *mina* drum of Barlovento may measure as much as six and a half feet long and ten inches in diameter. In Yaracuy they use small portable drums. The round drums are about three feet long and have a diameter of six or seven inches; they are played with the fingers and a thin stick at the same time.

The dances are of various sorts and have different names in different places. They may be done by groups or by couples, who perform within the circle formed by the musicians and onlookers. Their meaning may be erotic or connected with work—hunting, felling trees, washing clothes, and so on.

A soloist, man or woman, leads the song, pausing after each verse for the chorus to do its part, which is often a chant like "Olololó lea, olololó loe, olelelé." The pulse of the drums beats in the warm, oily night, a night of big, smooth, shiny leaves, of the white eyes of Negroes excited by the thrill of the dance. The hoarse, broken, yet sharp voice of the Negress who is leading the song tosses the traditional quatrain in the air:

Ololé lé lé	
Ololó lé ló	
Si San Juan supiera	If St. John knew
Que hoy es su día	That today is his day
Del cielo bajara	He would descend from heaven
Con gran alegría.	With great joy.

Bodies weave in ceaseless motion. The skins of the drums vibrate under the wooden sticks that hit them in an expert, free rhythm. It is a language of percussions and rolls that I do not know, but it speaks eloquently to the dancers.

On nights like this, in Pernambuco and Sergipe, Brazil, the Negro slaves used to do the similar *côco* dance while they sang:

São João é um?	Is St. John one?
Será ou não!	He is or he isn't!
Tatú no mato	Is he an armadillo in the forest
Com seu gibão,	With his thick cloak,
Um pé calçado,	One foot shod
Outro no chão.	And the other foot bare?
Viva São João!	Long live St. John!

They also sang their Portuguese version of the quatrain given above.

Why Brazil? Why Venezuela? Isn't it one and the same Afro-American, Latin American, mulatto-American, Ibero-American people that dances on this summer night on the shores of the Atlantic, on the banks of our rivers, in the midst of our tall, leafy trees, on the same tropical soil? Are they not singing to the same saint? Aren't they the same fires, the same beliefs, the same mysterious mirrors, the same crosses, the same rites of fortune-telling and offerings?

O' meu São João,	Oh, my Saint John,
Eu vou me lavar;	I am going to bathe;
Se eu cair no rio	If I fall in the river
Mandai me tirar.	Have them pull me out.
O' meu São João,	Oh, my Saint John,
Eu já me lavei;	I have already bathed;
As minhas mazelas	All my old sores
No rio deixei.	I left in the river.

◆ ◆ ◆

An evening with Mr. Beecher

A short story by ELLI FRIEND

Illustrated by ANTON REFREGIER

MR. BEECHER stuffed a gaudy-covered mystery book into his trousers pocket as he left the five-and-ten. Strolling casually down the avenue, he squinted at the passing supper crowd.

"Mister. . . ."

"Sorry," mumbled Mr. Beecher, colliding with a ragged figure standing in the center of the pavement.

"Mister," said the man again. "I got six cents. All I need's another four for coffee." He held out a dirty palm in which lay an equally dirty nickel and a tarnished penny.

Mr. Beecher found himself staring into a pair of blue eyes on a level with his own. He plunged his hand into his pocket. "Wrong one. I've got some change in the other, I think." He tugged at the book. "Poetry," he said, waving it in front of the man's eyes. "Poetry for my wife. But wait and see, she'll find something wrong with it, as always. Habit, you know, is the essence of life. Ah, here we are." His pocket yielded a nickel. "Sorry, I haven't any pennies, not a one."

"I'll take that. I thank you. God bless you." He took the coin, nodded to Mr. Beecher, and was gone.

"What'll you do with the extra penny?" Mr. Beecher wanted to know. But the beggar could no longer be seen. Mr. Beecher had an urge to follow. You can't buy anything with it, he thought. It can't be used for medicinal purposes any more. I wonder what.

He walked along, immersed in profound speculation as to the possible value or values of one miserable penny. This was a situation never encountered in all of Mr. Beecher's years of situation analysis. It might provide the subject for another letter. He would consider a supplement to his old volume. Happily he went on his way.

Life and Mr. Beecher had not always been on the best of terms. But, as event followed event with a rapidity that startled the even-tempered little man, he understood philosophically that "this too will pass."

He began in the world as a printer's assistant and married the printer's daughter—his first mistake. A year later, he published a series of sample letters, 1,897 in all, which appeared in a fat, red-bound volume entitled *Letters for Every Social and Commercial Occasion: All Situations Included*. This was his second error; Mr. Beecher had been plagued for years by people who had followed his epistles to the letter with no results.

Still, the extra penny intrigued him. "Of course," Mr. Beecher said to himself, finally approaching Seventy-fifth Street, where he lived in one of the old brownstone houses dating back to the early eighteen-hundreds, "of course you can use the extra cent as a starting point for your next appeal. You can ask people to add on more. 'I have a penny, Mister, all I need is nine for coffee.'" That was undoubtedly the best answer, although——

He walked up the baroque stairway of the old apartment house and opened the outside door. Sniffing with pleasure, he enjoyed the mingled odors of cooking that seeped through the poorly fitting doors.

His heels clicked sharply, on purpose.

Behind him, one of the doors opened. Mr. Beecher turned expectantly and caught sight of Mrs. Theil, a widow who lived in the apartment two doors down from his. She wore, as usual for this time of day, a bright red scarf over her curlered hair. She was attractive even with this accoutrement. And when she removed it later—— The tightly kinked brown corkscrews always pleased Mr. Beecher's esthetic sense. He remembered Henrietta with her limp straight locks and shuddered.

"Mr. Beecher, well, well, well. Out for a breather, I see."

He smiled broadly. "I do occasionally, Mrs. Theil. I believe in constitutionals."

"I guessed as much. But tell me, Mr. Beecher, how's your wife today?"

They both laughed.

"Miserable," he replied. "But things will be looking up soon, I expect."

"Well, you must tell her hello for me. Remember, I asked."

"I surely will. Are you coming to see us tonight?"

Twenty-four-year-old ELLI FRIEND *is a New York free-lance writer and housewife, with a master's degree from Columbia University.*



"Am I invited?"

"Naturally, Mrs. Theil. Your company has been most inspiring to me. There's something I must discuss with you this evening."

"In that case, you may expect me. At the usual time, of course."

"Of course."

Mr. Beecher half bowed and continued down the hallway. Stopping before his apartment, he took out a handkerchief and bent down to polish his shoes. Then he straightened his tie—a sober black affair—put on a pair of kidskin gloves, which he produced from the depths of his back pocket, tugged his jacket into place, inserted his key in the lock, and went inside. He peered around the sitting room. It was dark. Through the kitchen door he could see a stream of yellow light.

"Hello, Henrietta, I'm home." He pulled the mystery book out of his pocket, placed it cover up on the coffee table, turned on the reading lamp, and went into the kitchen.

"Sorry I'm late, dear. I do hope you're not particularly hungry." He peeled off his gloves delicately. His jacket followed. "I met Mrs. Theil on the way in, and she sends her regards. She'll be in tonight; I asked her. A delightful woman, really."

There was no answer. There hadn't been for fifteen years.

"Of course, if you'd prefer to eat out——" continued Mr. Beecher. "No? Well, I'll get busy." He opened the refrigerator and began puttering around the kitchen, humming *I've Got Sixpence* as he did.

He put two plates on the table and filled them. "There we are, Henrietta. We may as well begin."

He started to eat. "What's that? I forgot the napkins? Sorry, I'll get them." He stood up and walked to the cupboard, returning with the desired objects. "Here you are, my dear. Of course I will. . . . Yes, yes, certainly. Is there anything else?" He ate. "What, you can't finish? Well, I hate to see things go to waste. Let me have it." He reached over and took the untouched plate opposite his own.

"I met a man on the street today." He proceeded to relate the incident of his collision with the beggar. "You wouldn't have? Well, the poor man was to be pitied. I'm think of doing a letter. All right, I won't bother you with my work. . . . Yes, Henrietta, I brought you the

book of poetry you wanted. It's on the coffee table. Why don't you go ahead and start reading it? Of course I'll take care of things in here. Don't you worry about anything." He stood up and opened the kitchen door. When she had had time to go through, he closed it hurriedly and rushed to the refrigerator. Taking a bottle of beer out from behind a box of cake, he sat down again, lit a cigarette half under the table—she didn't approve of smoking either—and determined to enjoy himself. "Yes, dear, I'm working hard in here," he called out.

The beer gone, the cigarette doused, he rose and cleared the table. For half an hour he was busy at the sink.

Mr. Beecher poked his head into the sitting room. "How do you like the book, Henrietta? I thought—— What, it isn't correct? What's the matter with it? A poor job of editing? The order is not as it should be? Well, yes, you are the daughter of a printer and the wife of one. But Henrietta, dear——"

He sat down in a straight-backed wooden chair near the window and grew quiet, staring out at the one street light on the corner. Now and then a car passed by. Mr. Beecher watched two fighting for a parking space that finally turned out to be too small for either car. "What was that, dear? Oh, yes, perhaps some tea. But—— What's that, music?" The man across the hall was practicing the piano. "I'm sorry it's so unpleasant to you, Henrietta, but, really, I can't ask him to stop. You know theatrical people, after all."

The sharp crack of knuckles against wood drew Mr. Beecher's eyes to the door. He went to open it.

"Hello, Mrs. Theil. How nice to see you again so soon. Come in. Henrietta, look who's here."

"How do, Mrs. Beecher," said Mrs. Theil, nodding toward the sofa. "I threatened your husband I'd come, and here I am."

"I was just going to make some tea," said Mr. Beecher. "Will you join us?"

"I should be most happy to."

Mr. Beecher went into the kitchen and returned with a teapot full of beer and three ceramic mugs. Mrs. Theil thanked him, and they raised their cups. "Excellent tea," she said.

"How's your daughter, Mrs. Theil?"

"I heard from her today. You must help me compose another letter, Mr. Beecher. She was real pleased with all the others."

"I'd be happy to."

"Letter-writing is a talent."

"Thank you. Henrietta, perhaps—— Well, I understand. Why don't you? Mrs. Theil won't mind, and you'll be able to read in peace and quiet in the bedroom." He winked at Mrs. Theil, waited a moment in silence, and then turned to his guest. "Well, now we're alone, Katherine," he said softly.

"Yes. I didn't think she'd want to read again tonight. But that just goes to show you sometimes you get more than you expect. Have you spoken to her yet?"

"No, no. Well, as long as she doesn't know, dear."

"She takes advantage of your good nature, Oscar. I do think you ought to be more outspoken."

"Yes, I say that to myself all the time. Tonight. Yes, tonight I will." He stood up and paced the room in an agitated manner, gesticulating with every thought. "But here's what I wanted to discuss with you." He told Mrs. Theil about the man with the extra penny and took her suggestions down on a piece of paper.

"One," he said, repeating after her, "taxes in stores. Two, charity box. Three, save up for something. Yes, those will do quite nicely."

"The beer is gone, Oscar. But never mind. Does she really like the poetry?"

"No, she says it isn't right. They've done something to it, those editors." Mr. Beecher smiled. "You know how it is, Katherine."

"I'm afraid I do."

"What I'm wondering is, when will I have a chance to read my mystery?"

"Tonight?"

"No, not tonight. On the subway, perhaps."

"Yes."

"All right, Henrietta, I didn't realize what time it was. Mrs. Theil, I hate to have to ask you to leave, but you know how it is."

"Yes. But be firm for once, Oscar. Let her know she can't step all over you. After all, her father may have been the printer, but you built up the business. You're the creative one. Goodbye, Oscar. Perhaps later this evening?"

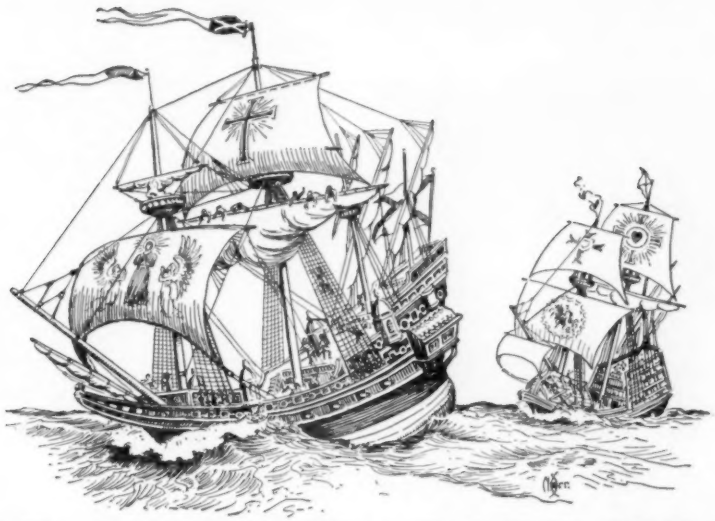
"Perhaps. Good night, Katherine." Mr. Beecher walked up to Mrs. Theil, who stood near the door, and kissed her lightly on the cheek. "Later," he whispered. He watched the back of her beringleted head as she left.

Mr. Beecher walked into the bedroom and sat down on the bed. "Why don't you like her, Henrietta? She's really a charming, understanding woman."

"No, I will not read myself to sleep tonight," he said after a moment of silence. "No, I will not read murder mysteries any more. No, I didn't read one on the subway today and I promise not to tomorrow. Honestly, Henrietta, you mustn't think such dreadful things. There's no foundation for your suspicion. I do like poetry, indeed."

He got undressed. "What, Henrietta? Of course if you don't like it you don't have to read it. Well, I don't know." He stood up from the bed, buttoning his pajama tops, and faced the pillow squarely, scowling. "I did everything I was supposed to do. I cleaned, I cooked." He put his hands on his hips. "Now listen to me, old cow. Every night it's been like this, for years and years, and even now that you're not with us any more. Listen to me! No, Mrs. Theil did not tell me to holler at you. I refuse. I absolutely refuse to complain to the publishers about the poetry. You can do it yourself!" His last words were sounded at the top of his voice. His round face quivered and flushed with self-assertion.

He rushed to the closet and took out a pair of charcoal slacks, a pink shirt, and a polka-dotted tie. He ripped off his pajamas, got dressed again, hurried out to the sitting room. "I'll go where I please!" He slammed the door as hard as he could, smiled happily, and went down the hall to Mrs. Theil's. ♦ ♦ ♦



THE SECOND COLUMBUS

QUIRÓS LEFT FROM THE NEW WORLD TO DISCOVER A NEWER WORLD

ANDRÉS TOWNSEND EZCURRA

BENDING OVER THE MAPS, Cardinal Aldobrandini listened to the sailor's long and vehement explanation. The chart showed the western profile of the Indies, neatly traced. From the American coast, the vastness of the Southern Sea stretched away. The sailor pointed out, on the Asiatic shore, the coastlines of China and Japan. Over the Philippines he placed the flag of Castile, for those islands, which Magellan had discovered in 1521—only to lose his life there the same year—marked the beginning of His Catholic Majesty's Oriental domains. In the middle of the ocean two small swarms of islands were to be seen: the Solomons and the Marquesas de Mendoza. But perhaps the most attractive feature of the chart His Eminence was scrutinizing while the streets of Rome swelled with the music and incense of the Jubilee Year of 1600, was the long, hazy line the cartographer, with deliberate indecision, had chosen to draw across the sea between the islands and the pole.

The sailor's name was Pedro Fernández de Quirós—he used this Spanish form instead of the Portuguese "Fernandes de Queiroz," although he was born in Evora, Portugal. He pointed again and again toward those unknown but predicted lands. There lay the rich and extensive *Terra Australis Incognita*, larger than Peru or Mexico and as full of souls to be saved as all the Indies together. Quirós argued his cause with an eloquence equal to that Columbus had mustered before the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. The Cardinal, puzzled by the pilot's loquacity and projects, asked him what he proposed to do. Emphatic and ambitious, Quirós replied: "To discover a new world that will be completely new."

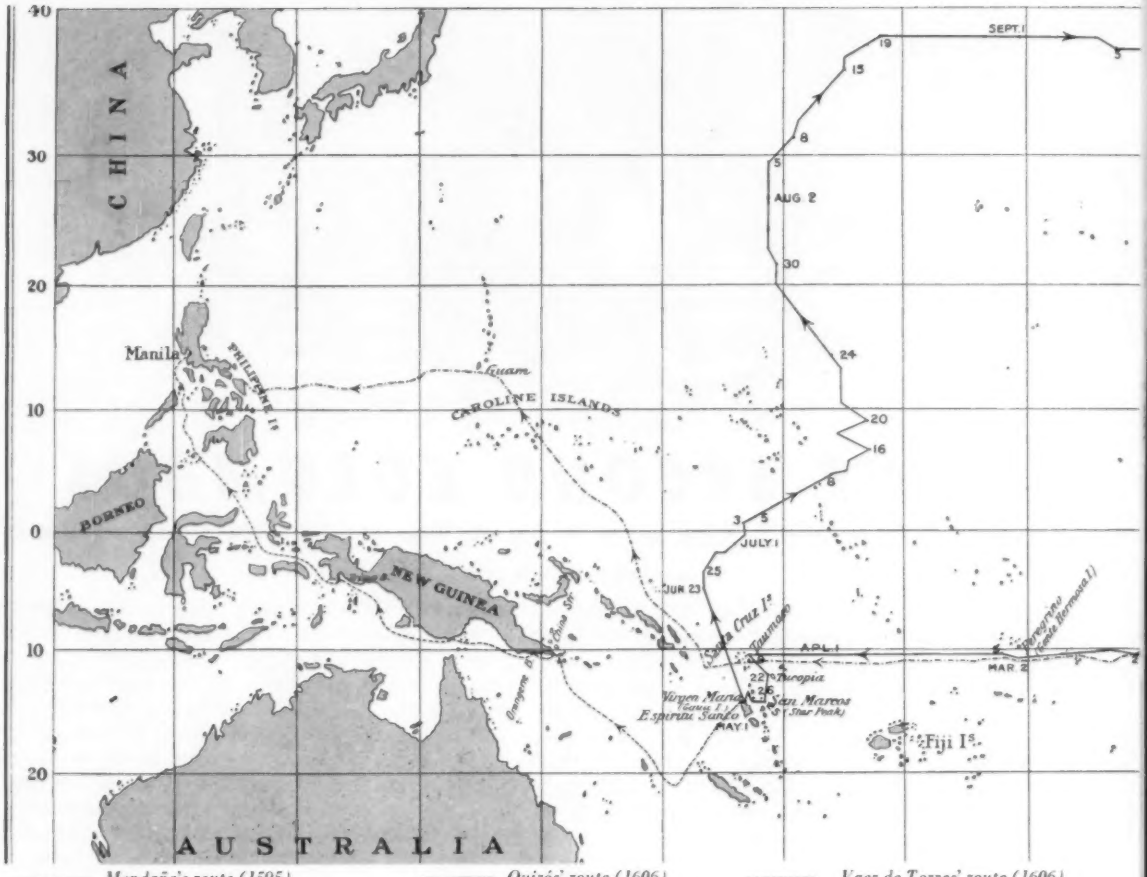
Quirós' geographic fanaticism convinced the Cardinal, who introduced him to Pope Clement VIII. The Pope gave his blessing to the projects and recommended them to Philip III, King of Portugal as well as of Spain and thus the sailor's "natural" sovereign. In 1605 the monarch ordered the Viceroy of Peru to provide Quirós with ships, men, provisions, and funds. Since the viceroy did not share the enthusiasm of Rome or Madrid, he tried to persuade Quirós that it would be better to start the expedition from Manila. But Quirós, a true man of the Indies, already accustomed to Peru, insisted on Lima, for he considered the City of Kings a natural base for conquests in the Pacific—it was close by Callao, "where there are many ships and many sailors," and it offered propitious winds that filled the sails and pushed the ships westward. From Peru in the New World the expedition would sail in search of that other completely new one. Just as Columbus crossed the Atlantic in search of America without realizing it, Quirós would cross the Pacific in pursuit of the unknown Australia.

To the pilot, the Southern Land was something more than an erudite cosmographer's suspicion. He had just taken a leading part in a Pacific expedition that, despite its failure, left him convinced of the existence of a vast continent still to be discovered: Alvaro de Mendaña's second voyage to the Southern Sea.

Mendaña, who had discovered the Solomons in 1568, wanted to repeat the exploit in 1595. With the help of the viceroy, the Marquis of Cañete, he organized an expedition, most of whose members—318 in all, including many women—were recruited in the valleys of the Peruvian coast in what are today the provinces of Chiclayo, Pacasmayo, and Trujillo, subdivisions of Lambayeque and La Libertad departments. Quirós, about whose early years little is known, was hired as pilot.

The expedition's course was to follow very closely that of a semi-legendary voyage that figures in Inca history. According to a tradition maintained especially

ANDRÉS TOWNSEND EZCURRA *of Peru, former editor of the Lima daily* La Tribuna, *has taught American history at the Universities of San Marcos in Lima and San Carlos in Guatemala City.*



Mendaña's route (1595) —— *Quirós' route (1606)* ---------- *Vaez de Torres' route (1606)*

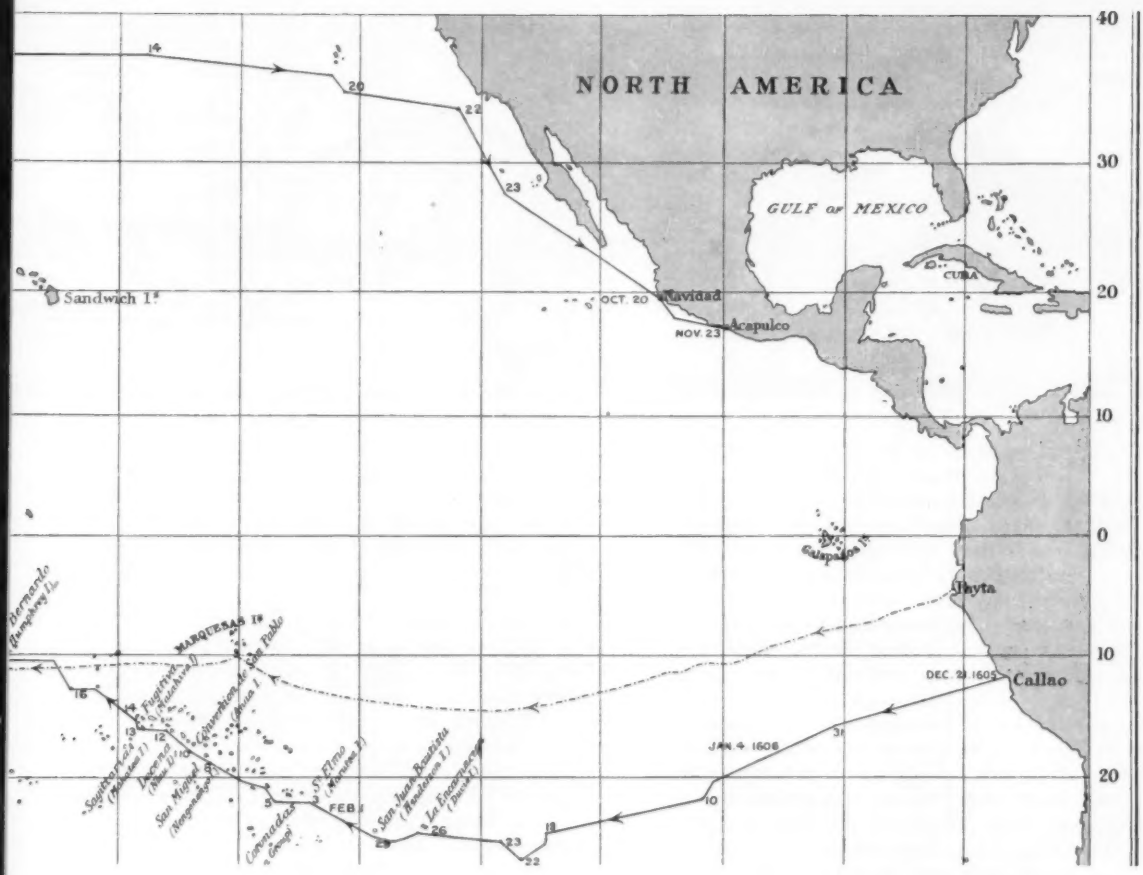
by the Indians of the coast, the Inca Tupac Yupanqui had crossed the ocean on rafts, discovering the islands of Nina Chumbi and Ahua Chumbi, whose names—"belt of braided fabric" and "beautiful belt"—seem to describe the form of the Polynesian atolls.

Mendaña and Quirós' expedition left Chérrepe, stopped for water at Paita, and with favorable winds arrived at an island they called Magdalena, which may have been Fatu-Hiva in the Marquesas group. Seventy canoes full of natives gave them a noisy welcome. The Spaniards at once noticed that these people did not look like mulattoes, as the Solomon Islanders did; on the contrary, they were ". . . almost white and of very graceful figure, tall, robust, . . . many of them blond." For the first time, the Westerners were meeting the beautiful, happy Polynesians, who, it is suspected, may be related to Caucasians. In turn, the sailors were the object of the irreverent curiosity of the islanders, whom the Spaniards, by convenient assimilation, always called "Indians." Incredulous, they felt the white men's heavy clothes and strange beards. The Spanish women aroused great interest and drew affectionate glances. To persuade the sociable natives to leave the ship, it was necessary to fire several harquebuses.

On another island in the same group, Mendaña, Quirós, and their men discovered the Polynesian women, grandmothers of the *wahines*, whose ochre gentleness Gauguin immortalized, and precursors of the undulant Tahitian and Hawaiian girls so popular today. The pilot and chronicler Hernán Gallegos relates: "They were attractive, and easy to sit and converse with, and caress. . . . All who saw them found them lovely of leg, hand, eyes, face, waist, and figure, and some of them prettier than ladies from Lima, who are very pretty themselves."

After the idyl, tragedy. These were not the Solomons, famed for their wealth. The soldiers became restless, and it was useless to try to persuade them to establish a colony. Gold was lacking and so were slaves. One bold fellow muttered: "We didn't come here to plant crops. There's plenty of land for that in Peru." The leader of the malcontents and several others had to be executed. One of the rebels requested, as a last favor, that before he died he be permitted to marry Pancha, an Indian girl from Peru, whom the Adelantado Mendaña had brought along as a maidservant.

After discord, the plague. Forty-seven men perished in a single month. The chief of the expedition himself died, willing the title of Governor to his wife. Quirós as-



sumed the military command and decided to head for the Philippines. The crossing was long and cruel. Water was short. Mendaña's widow, haughty as a queen, used it for washing her clothes, as if she were in Madrid or Lima. When Quirós tried to correct her wasteful habit, she told him angrily that he was nobody to give orders on her property. In February 1596 they reached Cavite. Between the Marquesas and the Philippines, the expedition had lost fifty men.

Quirós was not dismayed by the first failure. On the contrary, he returned mystically certain of the existence of vast new lands south of the Marquesas. It was impossible for a man of the sixteenth century to conceive of the desolate vastness of the South Pacific. He had to imagine an "equilibrium of masses" with the lands of the North, and the mapmakers drew the uncertain boundaries of a continent that was necessary for symmetry: the Unknown Southern Land. They shortened the Pacific just as the medieval geographers, and Columbus himself, had shortened the Atlantic.

On December 21, 1605, a beautifully outfitted fleet consisting of two galleons and a tender, loaded with "fruits and animals of Peru" destined for "a place that can be settled," sailed from Callao, under the command of Quirós, in search of the suspected southern continent.

The voyage from America to Oceania is always a happy one in the Southern Sea. Quirós sighted land on January 26, 1606. It was an uninhabited atoll, like others he was to encounter. The Spaniards called these coral formations "submerged islands" and graphically defined them as "a piece of sea surrounded by land." At other islands farther on, natives soon appeared, and Quirós, who perhaps had learned a lesson from his previous failure, tried hard to maintain friendly relations with them. He gave them clothing and toys, and was strict with sailors inclined to use violence. This attitude, and his refusal to follow the southerly course his subordinates advised, created conflicts. But Quirós managed to calm the men with extravagant promises of gold and precious stones as soon as they reached the southern continent.

He thought he had found it 1,700 leagues from Lima. It was a large, populated, and fertile land—actually one of the islands now called the New Hebrides. Quirós decided the time had come for solemn ceremonies, of which he was very fond. Artillery salvos resounded as the General landed with the standard of the Hapsburgs and a shining retinue of conquistadors, while the natives



Pacific island of San Pablo, discovered by Magellan in 1521. Quirós' expedition passed not far away in 1606

watched from hiding places in the brush. Quirós took possession "of all these islands and lands newly discovered and that I shall discover as far as the Pole," and he christened the island "Austrialia del Espíritu Santo." The expression "Austrialia" did not refer to the south wind, which was to give its name to the continent of Australia—not very far away, to be sure, from where Quirós was pronouncing his sacramental words. Rather, the Portuguese navigator wanted to celebrate the House of Austria, "of happy memory," and with it his protector Philip III.

Possession was taken in the name of the sovereign, of the Catholic Church, of the Franciscan Province of Peru, of the Order of St. John of God, and of a brand-new order of knighthood created on the spot out of Quirós' vivid imagination: the "*Caballeros del Espíritu Santo* [Knights of the Holy Ghost]," whose blue taffeta cordons he placed on the Spanish and Peruvian officers of the expedition. Mass was said on the beach, and the natives gathered by thousands to observe the strange ceremony, imitating the colonists' gestures of adoration and prayer. Quirós took this spontaneous and mimetic Catholicism as a very good sign. The vow of the Order of the Holy Ghost obligated its members "to defend the Indians against their enemies" and protect them from any offense. ("And other impertinences," a Spaniard later commented.)

The inevitable fraternization and more humble labors followed this display of official pomp. "We found extremely beautiful women," Gaspar González de Leza, the chief pilot, reported. And then he added: "Our General, seeing that the land is so good, . . . went to their farms to sow Peruvian calabashes, maize, melons, beans, lentils, chickpeas, and potatoes. . . ." A genuine mestizo garden.

Quirós founded a "city," to which he gave the ambitious name Nueva Jerusalén (New Jerusalem). An unrepentant dreamer, he announced that he intended to give it marble gates and a church of the same material "bigger than St. Peter's in Rome," for he judged that this was an immense land "with more than two thousand leagues of coast," opulent and easy to Christianize.

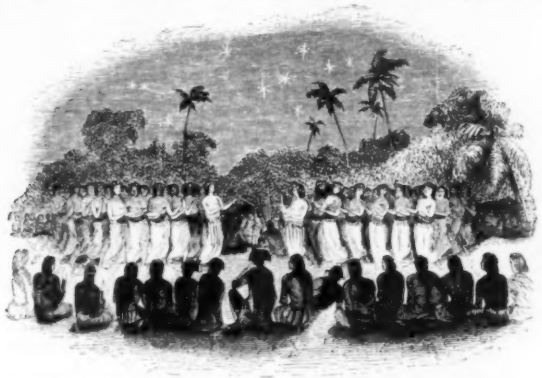
On May 14, 1606, the foundations were laid, literally on sand and Quirós' dreams. On June 11 failure struck the expedition: The ships of the fleet suddenly separated. Or rather, the flagship, with Quirós aboard, tore itself away from the other ship and the tender. Just what was going on is a matter of unresolvable conjecture. Historians accuse Quirós of weakness, and undoubtedly he lacked the steely character, obstinacy, and faith of a true conquistador, although he had the dauntless bravado and the ability to pursue the unknown happily. He was a timorous Magellan, a pious Pizarro, half a Columbus. Mutiny smouldered silently in the heart of the expedition, fed by national rivalries, grudges, and envy. The haughty Spaniards, who considered themselves owners of the universe, did not like the idea of being under the command of a Portuguese, even though he was a subject of the same king. Once, when he reproached them for killing natives, his second in command, Diego Prado y Tovar, a Knight of Calatrava, bitingly replied that they did it to teach "the Indians" the "respect that all the nations in the world" had for Spain. There were rumors about Quirós' honesty. They said that in place of water, so precious on long voyages, he had brought two hundred jugs of white wine to sell at a high price in the Philippines. Prado finally resigned as captain of the flagship and transferred to the second galleon, which was commanded by another Spaniard, Luis Vaez de Torres.

After the separation, Quirós' ship headed for America and, after a stormy crossing, reached Mexico. Quirós never clearly explained his conduct, leaving it to be understood that his illness and the storms had made his return necessary. From Mexico he went back to Spain, little better than a beggar.

The other galleon and the tender continued on their own extraordinary adventure. For fourteen days they awaited Quirós' return, and then they called a meeting to open the sealed orders the Viceroy of Peru had drawn up for just such an emergency. They found instructions to continue to 20 degrees south latitude and, if they did not find land, head for Manila. This they did, with Prado taking over-all command and Vaez de Torres charge of the ships. When the southern exploration proved fruitless, they set a course for the northwest, until they discovered the coast of New Guinea. Then they entered

the strait that separates that island from Australia, now known as Torres Strait in his honor. Vaez and Prado landed several times on New Guinea and carried on brief but violent struggles with the natives. Frequently this happened in the course of sallies in search of water or food, but there was at least one occasion when they surprised a group of women, carried off "three of the prettiest," and took them aboard "for the service of the people on the ship." In the style of Quirós, whom they blamed for preventing the discovery of the "little crown of the Antarctic Pole," they took ephemeral and solemn possession of New Guinea in the name of Spain.

After running along three hundred leagues of the island's coast, they descended to 11 degrees south latitude and on St. Francis' Eve (October 3, 1606) found



Undulant Polynesian women fascinated early explorers, even as they do modern travelers

many islands in the strait, one larger than the rest. It is presumed that this may have been Prince of Wales Island, off the Cape of York, the northernmost promontory of the Australian continent. Prince of Wales and the other islands of the strait are part of Australia in the same way that the Bahamas, sighted by Columbus, are part of America. Vaez de Torres noted in his diary: "They are very large islands, and there seem to be more farther south. They are inhabited by dark-skinned people, corpulent and naked. . . ."

The Spaniards were discovering Australia without realizing it. This expedition, launched from the New World, had reached the edge of a still newer one. For this reason, Alexander Dalrymple, erudite eighteenth-century English geographer, claimed the honors of the discovery of the "southern continent" for "the illustrious name of Quirós." By a strange coincidence, that same year of 1606, the Dutch ship *Duifken*, which is generally accorded the glory of that achievement, anchored in a bay on the west coast of Australia.

On his return to Spain, Pedro Fernández de Quirós slipped into a sordid but proud poverty, as happened to so many others during the Golden Age on the Iberian Peninsula. From the Odyssey he passed over to the picaresque life of a Gil Blas. The man who had vainly spent 134,000 ducats (more than the cost of the discovery of America) hid his misery in gloomy slums and learned to kneel in church in such a way that they wouldn't see his worn-out shoes. (But despite his efforts, a man who had made a fortune in Peru said to him: "The second Columbus wears bad shoes.") He sold even his sheets in order to buy candles and write by night his long and repeated petitions to the King and the Council of Indies. For eight years he begged for an audience and demanded payment for services rendered. He carried his will around with him, for he had dizzy spells in the street from hunger and was afraid of dying without having bequeathed to his creditors the royal treasure that was due him. Influenced by the adverse testimony of Prado and Vaez de Torres, who hastened to accuse Quirós before the Court as soon as they reached Manila, and later Goa, the ministers interminably delayed their reply to Quirós' requests. But in the end his tenacity won out. In 1615 the King ordered the new Viceroy of Lima, Francisco de Borja, Prince of Esquilache, to take the Portuguese captain with him. But his victory was fleeting: he died just after landing in Panama.

It is significant that while the expeditions of Mendaña and Quirós were authorized in Spain—where the bureaucrats frequently opposed them on the ground that the King had no need of more lands—they were organized, provisioned, and financed in America. Lima and its port were the bases for these great overseas adventures, and in Peruvian ships there sailed a many-hued contingent of Europeans (Spaniards, Portuguese, Flemish, one Italian); of *criollos* from Saña, Trujillo, or Lima; of Indian men (like Francisco, a servant of the priests who accompanied Quirós and a "humble man, moderate and pleasant") and Indian women (like Mendaña's maid Pancha); of Negro slaves and servants. When they wanted to call this heterogeneous conglomeration by a common name they chose "the brave Peruvian people." And in truth, they all were, either by birth or because they had been assimilated by that land. When they came upon new sorts of men, women, and plants, they did not compare them with the people and flora of Spain, but with those of America. When they spoke of founding a colony, Gallegos observes nostalgically: "they did not remember homelands, nor having left the Province of Peru, so rich and large, where no man is poor in expectations." Despite the facilities and closeness of Manila, the explorers returned to Peru. "They had in their hearts," the narrator remarks, "the delights of Lima," and they wanted to make Callao the base of new adventures to the elusive Southern Land and perhaps to Antarctica, divined as "the little crown of the Pole."

But the expansive drive of the Spanish Empire was already exhausted. Dutchmen, Frenchmen, and Englishmen were taking possession of Oceania, and no more ships left America for its archipelagos. But from the depths of Inca history the fearless exploit of that worthy Inca Tupac Yupanqui, who launched his rafts on the ocean, exercised its pathfinding influence once more in our own day. With few differences, the famous route of the *Kon-Tiki* was to be the same as Mendaña's and Quirós'. ◆ ◆ ◆



Meskwaki dances show influence of many other tribes. War dance and feathered costumes are native to Great Plains

MESKWAKI POWWOW

Midwest Indians learned many dances in long wanderings

GERTRUDE P. KURATH

FOR A WEEK or more every August, Indians from all over the Midwest park their cars and set up tepees or store-bought tents on a tract of land near Tama, Iowa. There are Sauk, Ponca, and Quapaw from Oklahoma reservations, Winnebago and Chippewa from Wisconsin reservations, Sioux from Chicago, Meskwaki from urban Kansas. A noiseless assembly of dignified, reserved adults and shy, decorous children, they have gathered for one of the most significant of U.S. Indian festivals. Their hosts are the five hundred members of the Meskwaki tribe who share this five-by-three-mile parcel of hilly land.

The significance of the festival lies in the fact that it functions as a modern intertribal conclave, drawing these scattered peoples together and attracting the general public. The popular name for such meetings, powwow, is appropriate, for the Algonquian *pauwaw* was a medicine man and hence the word came to be applied to a medicine ceremony or a conference for success in war and hunt, with magic, feasting, and dancing. The modern version affords the Indians an opportunity to pass their dances on from tribe to tribe and the white people a chance to learn some Indian lore—or even to dance themselves, if they can follow the steps and have costumes. Paleface Boy Scout troops camp in a field adjacent to the one occupied by the Indians, don colorful costumes made from kits, and join lustily in the dancing. Visiting students may stay among the natives.

Nine dance performances, at which tourists are welcome, are given in four days. On week days the attendance is fairly small. But on Sunday the spectators arrive in droves: Iowa farmers, Chicago business men, New England vacationists on their way to the Rockies.

The net profits, which provide temporary native affluence, are by no means the reason for the festival. The performers experience the joy of re-treading the traditional patterns. The spectators have a brief contact with a significant art and with a satisfactory adjustment to change.

The Meskwaki, who sponsor the festival, are a harmonious blend of the sixteenth century and the twentieth, the Indian way of life and the midwestern. Under a modern surface they retain their own language, which belongs to the large Algonquian family, and many of their native traditions. These, in turn, combine characteristics of their early Great Lakes home with intrusions from the vast plains west of the Missouri River. For the Meskwaki have traveled far and met many other peoples.

Until 1650 the Meskwaki, or Fox, Indians lived along

GERTRUDE P. KURATH, *president of the Michigan Folklore Society, has danced professionally and presented the results of her research on Indian ceremonials at the American Museum of Natural History.*

the Detroit River in the southeastern corner of what is now Michigan, where the maize culture of the south and the wild-game culture of the north overlapped. Their cousins on the peninsula, the Potawatomi and Ottawa, tended to their own hunting grounds, but from the east the agrarian Iroquois swooped upon Algonquian territory and pushed the Meskwaki westward to a haven on the Fox and Wolf rivers at Green Bay, Wisconsin. Here in this pleasant land of wild rice, fish, fowl, game, and occasional buffalo, the peaceful Menominee, Chippewa, and Winnebago tolerated their new neighbors, often uniting with them against the formidable aliens from Europe. The Meskawaki's valor and craftiness won the admiration but not the mercy of the French traders and soldiers, who did their best to exterminate these defiant Fox Indians and their sister tribe, the Sauk.

During the second stormy century the Algonquians faced new adversaries—the victorious British and, after the Revolutionary War, the U.S. settlers. The Sauk and Fox had to sell their lands to the United States Government and cross the Mississippi River into eastern Iowa. The Sauk chief, Black Hawk, who vainly contested this sale, was forced to flee up the Wisconsin River and to surrender to combined white and Indian forces. In 1842 the twin tribes ceded their land to the government for a cash annuity and a reservation in Kansas on the Missouri River. Here they adjoined the Shawnees exiled from the Ohio River area.

In the eighteen-fifties, the Meskwaki invested the cash from the sale of their land in their present home on the banks of the Iowa River. During the past century, as buffalo herds dwindled and white farmers accumulated, they have reluctantly but successfully shifted to modern, rural corn-belt culture. The Sauk finally accepted reservation life in central Oklahoma in 1870.

As the Meskwaki migrated, they adopted prisoners, intermarried with surrounding tribes and at times with whites, and accepted new ways while proudly clinging to their own customs. At Tama, modern frame houses adjoin dwellings built in the ancient Great Lakes style out of woodland materials. These "wickiups" are made of bowed branches interlaced into a domed oblong or hemisphere and covered nowadays with reed mats, formerly with bark; inside, cots and chairs surround an open fireplace. The people dress like the white farmers, except on festive occasions. Their industry has brought modest comforts. They own their land communally in the native fashion and pay taxes as U.S. citizens. In the spring they tap maple trees and then use the sugar as ceremonial food. They use modern implements to raise their traditional corn, beans, and squash, and the newer crop potatoes, and they can trust to the abundant rainfall for a good harvest. Both green and dried corn reappear in ceremonies. Jobs on the railroad, in a Tama paper mill, in shops at Marshalltown, and in various Iowa museums have replaced the winter hunt. A small income is brought in by the sale of craft work to tourists. Most of the children attend the reservation school; some go to college. A few families patronize the mission church; a few others the peyote cult known as the "Native American Church."



Small participant will learn dances from his elders, later pass them on to his own children



Meskwaki boy mixes Algonquian festival dress with Sioux beaded necklace

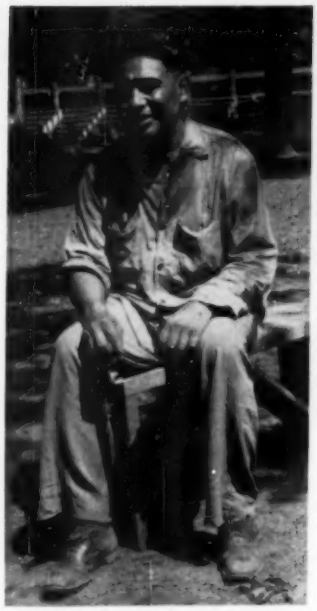


To be near their guests, Meskwaki build ancestral wickiups (left) on festival grounds; visitors pitch tepees (right) or store-bought tents (background)

An aboriginal clan system and numerous prehistoric rites continue to defy missionary efforts. A male line of descent governs the clans, which are named mostly after animals. The women occupy a secondary but nonetheless important role in civic and ceremonial activity. Another form of dualism splits social and ritual structure into two divisions, "North" and "South," to which the children of a family are alternately assigned. The ceremonial



The late Wilson Roberts was one of few experts on difficult Indian flute



Harvey Lasley, noted Meskwaki singer. The most dedicated do not bother to don costumes

leadership comprises a man and a woman from each—in all, four, the sacred number of the Algonquians.

The most sacred wizard rites are closed to white visitors, but some memorial, adoption, and clan festivals admit privileged guests. Twice a year the totemic clan festivals worship animal spirits—the bear, fox, wolf, eagle. Six separate ceremonies address the "fierce one," the supernatural buffalo. Though numerous feasts follow the September and October harvests, they are only secondarily concerned with giving thanks for the crop. Primarily they are animal cults of varying antiquity.

In the bear and buffalo ceremonies prayers and feasting alternate with mimetic dances and sacred songs. Awesome imitation of the waddling, clawing bear ties the Meskwaki into an ancient worship, reaching from the Maidu tribe of California to the Smoky Mountain Cherokee of North Carolina, and to the Naskapi—savage hunters of icy Labrador—even echoing Asiatic practices. The Meskwaki and Iroquois buffalo dances differ from the Plains version of milling herds. In the eighteenth century a smaller buffalo species straggled to the easterly Appalachian Mountains and to the Iroquois territory near modern Buffalo, New York. The single files of stomping men or women in these dances recall the way buffaloes of the woodland type trudged in long lines to a watering place. Their counterclockwise circle is typical of Indian dances from the Mississippi River to the Atlantic coast.

Similar "stomp" or trotting dances were borrowed from southeastern maize growers but are not incorporated into Meskwaki ceremonialism. The Snake, Swan, and Shawnee dances have enlivened social gatherings for fifty years at least, and probably ever since the Meskwaki's contacts with the Shawnee in Kansas. The Snake Dance once wound its way across the southern highlands and lowlands to the Florida Seminole and north to the Iroquois and to the Penobscot of Maine. When the Cherokee and other southern tribes were driven to Oklahoma a hundred years ago, their Snake Dance—now often called the Cherokee Dance—captivated the Plains tribes removed to western Oklahoma. A merry throng follows a leader's impromptu serpentines, arcs, and spirals, and forms a double-file bridge as in the Virginia Reel. The group answers the leader's short song phrases and his comic improvised gestures of listening, saluting, waving, hand milling.

In another southeasterly dance, outstretched arms and swaying torso represent the stately native swans that migrated through the Great Lakes region and wintered in the South. In the Swan and Shawnee dances pairs of women lead a counterclockwise processional and thereby reflect female prominence in the aboriginal matriarchal Southeast.

The eighteenth-century migrations brought the Meskwaki into the sphere of the Great Plains buffalo-hunting nomads, the Dakota Sioux. The initial strife has now resolved into amicable relations; meanwhile, the frenzied rhythms of the Plains warriors have remodeled the style of the Meskwaki virtuosi. In the War and Friendship dances youths outdo one another in strenuous leaps, pivots, and gyrations derived from the Siouan Grass Dance, which in turn grew out of war society rituals. Small tufted gourd rattles swish in the dancers' hands. Metal ankle bells jingle. Wild chants pulsate to the boom of the large double-headed drum.

Pairs of youths display a similar agility in the Calumet or Pipe of Peace Dance. Instead of a pipe each man extends a feathered wand in his left hand. With his right he shakes a small rattle, while swaying, lunging, or bounding. The songs and ritual of the winged calumet go back beyond the eighteenth century, when they were cementing intertribal truce the full length of the Mississippi and its tentacles, the Missouri, Yellowstone, Platte, Ohio, and Tennessee rivers. This was the period of the Meskwaki trek to eastern Iowa.

During the twentieth century other intertribal forms grew out of the war dance. In western Oklahoma the former Scalp Dance has been transformed into social rounds; in this guise it has reached even the northerly Wisconsin Chippewa. These communal circlings contrast with the Eastern Woodland pattern in their rhapsodic melodies, their sunwise course, and their limping, bobbing step. In the Victory or Soldier Dance a compact mass of assorted experts and novices wheels slowly to the left and at times joins in the singers' chants. The origins of the "Forty-nine" and Rabbit dances have already become blurred. One story connects the "Forty-nine" with a celebration of the 49th Infantry, a World War I unit in which Oklahoma Indians served. The Winnebago and Chippewa attribute their songs to the Meskwaki, who obtained the dance from the Sauk; they identify it with the Comanche of western Oklahoma.

Though based on traditional forms, these Scalp Dance derivatives encourage new inventions. The native tunes may also use English texts about war and women. They play no ceremonial role despite a ritual origin and despite their accompaniment by the regular ceremonial

singers. Having shed their former bellicose purposes, they appeal to the younger set as a pastime or as a test of skill.

The festival at Tama is not the only one in which the Meskwaki participate. Every year over Labor Day week end they camp with the Sauk in Black Hawk State Park near Rock Island, Illinois, under the sponsorship of John Hauberg and a group of Indian-minded citizens. In a series of excellent, spirited performances, they dance at times separately, at times in a joint mass display. When I attended in 1947, two Meskwaki brothers, the Pushetonequas—Charles and Frank, Jr.—expertly recreated the masked Eagle Dance of the New Mexico Pueblo Indians. Between performances the Indians would keep on dancing for hours or would play their traditional hand game with song, drumming, and guessing. The Oklahoma dances, transferred by these festivals to the Iowa group, have remained in their repertoire.

But the Meskwaki's own festival, ably managed by Edward Davenport and a native committee, is both larger and more interesting. In 1952 my son, his friend Jon, and I pitched pup tents next to a resident group of affable young University of Chicago ethnologists. In fact, the success of our stay was due in large part to this proximity and to the general helpfulness of the group's leaders, Fred and Marjorie Gearing. The boys made friends with the Indian children, joining them in daily swims and BB-gun hunting in the woods. Our joint campfire became a communal center for ever-expanding feasts of sophisticated fried chicken and native fried "squaw" bread of leavened corn or wheat dough. Every evening a huge pot of coffee supplied the most intoxicating beverage permitted on the grounds. Thus we associated with native artists of extraordinary ability though humble economic status—the singers, Frank Pushetonequa, Sr., and Harvey Lasley; Harvey's son Jessup, a champion dancer; Harry Lincoln, ritualist and writer; George and Mary Youngbear, folklorists; the Poweshieks, the Wasaskes, the Kyanas; and above all the late Wilson Roberts, whose rare Indian flute and aristocratic voice I was fortunately permitted to record on magnetic tape. The best opportunity to learn the dances was provided by the evening rehearsals before the formal opening and by a final all-night dance after the last program—actually, social gatherings.

The public performances are held in a large, level, grassy area, surrounded on three sides by bleachers. Along the fourth side the encampment serves as background and rustic benches seat costumed dancers awaiting their turn. In the center, next to a tall pole with an American flag and taller trees, the half-dozen singers surround their drum on its frame. A public address system and electric lights proclaim the twentieth century. Concessions sell beadwork and soft drinks, and display farm products.

Within the last seven years, the costumes have grown ever more lavish. The handsome white buckskin tunics of Oklahoma women shine amid the local women's appliquéd and beaded black, blue, or purple skirts and overblouses. Men can stick to the traditional Algonquian vest-jackets and leggings or may choose breechclouts, horsehair roaches, and multicolored Plains "bustles"—feather wheels fastened on rump and arms. The designs on Meskwaki tunics and breechclouts are stylized woodland foliage and flowers. The beadwork on headbands, necklaces, bracelets, and belts borrows from Siouan geometric patterns. The singers in the center wear either feathered Plains war bonnets or everyday clothes.

The most conservative at heart, and the most at home in the ancient rites, are the singers in white man's attire. Thirty years ago their elders complained that the young people had ceased to do as was done, but now these former youngsters regard the dance as a prayer for power and long life. Again the new generation prefers the livelier modern rhythms, and again they will replace the present ceremonial leaders. Young and old retrace the footsteps of their ancestors and join in new songs and dances. In daily life, in worship, in play, they reflect their tribulations and the many influences that have played upon them. ◆ ◆ ◆

Swan Dance. Counterclockwise procession is typical of southeastern woodlands; so is leadership of women, for tribes there were matriarchies





Alejandro Obregón of Colombia with his oil that won top prize



One of show's discoveries, Erwin de Vries of Surinam, who poses here with his entry

A CRITIC'S

MODERN ART OF THE CARIBBEAN AT HOUSTON MUSEUM

Countries represented: Colombia, Cuba, Dominican Republic, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, United States, Venezuela

Territories represented: Jamaica, Martinique, Puerto Rico, Surinam, Trinidad

Prizewinners:

1 Alejandro Obregón, Colombia: "Cattle Drowning in the Magdalena" Purchase Prize $1,000
2 Seymour Fogel, Texas: "Remembrance of Childhood" Purchase Prize $1,000
3 Cundo Bermúdez, Cuba: "Havana Sextet" Purchase Prize $1,000
4 Luis Eades, Texas: "Museum Piece" Purchase Prize $ 500
5 Michael Frary, Texas: "Provincetown" Purchase Prize $ 500
6 Oswaldo Vigos, Venezuela: "Birth of a Personage" Award $ 200
7 Charles T. Williams, Texas: "Eight" Award $ 200
8 Carlos Mérida, Guatemala: "Architecture" Award $ 200
9 William Lester, Texas: "Reflections in Still Water" Award $ 200
10 Armando Morales, Nicaragua: "Bird Cage" $ 200

I RECENTLY COMPLETED an assignment of the kind every art critic dreams about: to select all the works for an exhibition—in this case for a show at the Museum of Fine Arts in Houston, Texas, illustrating current artistic trends throughout the Caribbean area. Although I was fully aware of the risks involved in a one-man-jury selection from twelve nations and five territories, I was particularly glad of the almost unprecedented opportunity to present a fresh panorama of artistic endeavor in northern Latin America to a country that is reluctant to recognize that output. The attitude in the United States was summed up not long ago by a friend of mine who is a Manhattan art dealer: "Too bad the New York market resists Latin American art so."

Actually, neither critics, dealers, nor the public are to blame for this resistance. It dates back to the late thirties and early forties, when what I call "tourist art" was widely displayed as representative of Latin America's artistic yield. Invariably the so-called specialists sent down by foundations and semi-official institutions to select works for exhibition brought back superficial examples that were chiefly notable for their forced sentimentality and studied picturesqueness.

Since then, to gain U.S. recognition Latin American artists have had to either move to the United States or win acclaim in Europe. Tamayo, for example, had to take up residence in New York for six months of the

Cuban JOSÉ GÓMEZ-SICRE *is chief of the PAU visual arts section.*



Dominican Republic was represented by its foremost modern painter, Gilberto Hernández-Ortega



Venezuelan leader of abstract art Alejandro Otero and sons, with duco that was purchased by New York's Museum of Modern Art before show in Houston

Below: Carlisle F. Chang of Trinidad holding his entry



CHOICE

JOSÉ GÓMEZ-SICRE

year, and the works of this great Mexican painter began to command today's astronomical prices only after he won over Old World critics. It made no difference that his most popular canvases had been painted in Mexico years before.

Roberto Matta of Chile has had to be classed as a member of the "Paris School" or the "School of New York" before he could be exhibited on Fifty-seventh Street. In the same way, the jungle visions produced by the rich tropical imagination of Wifredo Lam in his Havana studio must make their way into the Manhattan market under the aegis of French surrealism or with the sponsorship of Paris dealers. I constantly see references to Antonio Frasconi as the foremost wood engraver in the United States; yet mention is seldom made that he is a Uruguayan citizen. (An exception to this New York resistance is the Museum of Modern Art. While it has not kept its collection entirely up to date, it does, thanks to the unbiased judgment of Alfred H. Barr, represent many new names and trends.)

Since 1946 I have been trying through the Pan American Union gallery in Washington to show that Latin American art is something quite different from the New York idea of it. And when I accepted the invitation of Mr. Lee Malone, director of the Houston Museum of Fine Arts, my criterion was to be quality: a work would have to stand on its own merits, regardless of whether it depicted its place of origin. No doubt people intent on sightseeing through pictures will be disappointed.

I set out on November 25 for a swing around the Caribbean to collect the best of its present-day art. Using our very complete file at the Pan American Union, I had written in advance to the leading painters and to others directly connected with the field of art in the cities I was to visit. Of course, I realized that unknowns could crop up to modify or add to the initial plans. Nevertheless, since my time was limited to five weeks, it was only practical to map out a schedule.

Urgency obliged me in some places to prowl around in search of paintings or sculpture at the most unlikely hours. On the eve of my departure from Guatemala, for example, I finally located an artist I had been looking for frantically. The canvas he was working on was still in the workshop of an architect in a remote section of the capital. Although he had the key to the house, he did not have the key to the high iron fence that encircled it. It was close to midnight. Since it was impossible to postpone examination of the painting, I served as his ladder so he could clear the fence. Once on the other side, he brought the still wet picture, which I approved by matchlight, feeling all the while as if I were participating in a game of cops and robbers.

At my request the Honduran primitive artist José Antonio Velásquez had painted an enormous canvas, the biggest he had ever produced. As usual, the theme was a view of his beautiful mountain village of San Antonio de Oriente, accessible only on foot or horseback. He had transported the picture by mule to the Pan American

Agricultural School and from there by automobile to Tegucigalpa. In the capital he asked a friend to keep it for him in his store until my arrival the next day. The friend decided the safest place for it was in the window.

When I arrived at the airport, Velásquez took me immediately to see the most ambitious picture he had ever painted. A multitude of curious passers-by surged in front of the store, enchanted by the picture's minutiae of realistic details and lively colors. When we opened a path through the spectators, they recognized the author of the delightful painting they were admiring, and greeted him effusively.

On the island of Martinique, with only twenty-four hours between planes, I reviewed the many works that the painters were kind enough to bring to an old store in Fort-de-France, but could not find a single one mature enough to include in my collection. The next day, after only three or four hours of sleep, I arrived in San Juan, Puerto Rico. It was Christmas Eve—a difficult time to find anyone thinking about exhibitions. At midnight I was still trying to track down a painter who was attending a Christmas Eve celebration; my own celebration amounted to wandering fruitlessly through the streets of old San Juan, that section of the capital that is at once so Spanish and so nautical. The net result: three Puerto Rican paintings.

In Barranquilla Alejandro Obregón awaited me with a magnificent series of pictures based on the recent floods of the Magdalena River. The series demonstrated surprising subtlety and purity in the treatment of heads of cattle foundering in the muddy waters. I selected the painting that seemed to me the most eloquent of the group; subsequently it won first place in the Houston show. Obregón explained how the idea occurred to him. He had not seen any cattle drown. His experience with the angry river consisted of joining the search for the body of a friend who had drowned while the river was in flood. It would be too melodramatic to depict the accident with a human being, but he could not dismiss the idea. From it developed the series of oils executed with the greatest subtlety the artist had ever employed.

No one style characterizes the exhibition as finally assembled. The dominant tone of expressionism is reflected in varying interpretations, ranging from those of the colorful Panamanian Eudoro Silvera to the work of the Surinam discovery Erwin de Vries. The nonobjective movement is represented by a robust group from Venezuela, led by Alejandro Otero and Oswaldo Vigas.

The Mexicans, who previously went in for works of

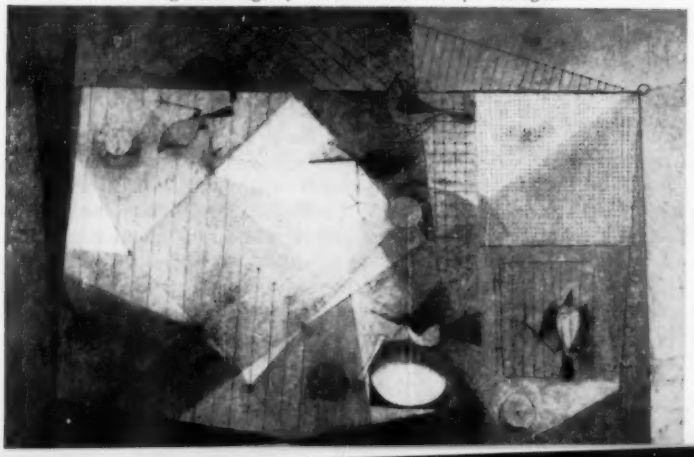


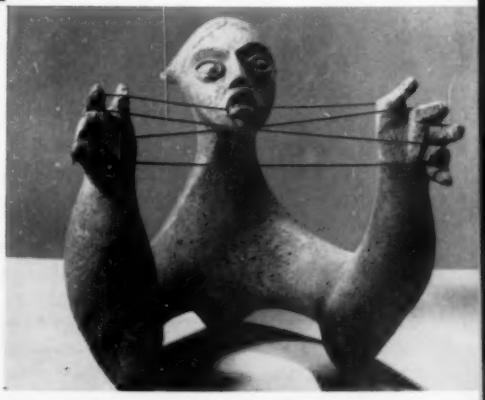
Blacksmith-sculptor Georges Liautaud of Haiti with one of his voodoo figures of hammered iron

Cundo Bermúdez' Havana Sextet, *which* Life *magazine reproduced in color after success in São Paulo Biennial, won $1,000 Houston prize*



Below: Prizewinning Bird Cage *by Armando Morales of Nicaragua*





Terra cotta by Guatemalan Roberto González Goyri, who also entered a bronze

social content or the purely picturesque, now show a high degree of competence in still lifes and landscapes. This is apparent in the intricate composition *Forbidden Labyrinth*, by Gerszo; *The Fish*, by young Trinidad Osorio; the somber drawings of José Luis Cuevas; and the lush watermelons of Alfonso Michel.

The Guatemalan section contains an important abstraction in vinylite, *Architecture*, by Carlos Mérida, painted expressly for the Houston show. Two younger artists, the late Roberto Ossaye and Juan de Dios González, show the influence of Mérida, but well assimilated and recast.

The Salvadorean Mauricio Aguilar, who commutes between his home in Central America and New York, is represented by one of his mysterious compositions in rich impasto. The Nicaraguans, led by Rodrigo Peñalba, also include the vigorous young Armando Morales and Omar de León, whose paintings are entirely free of provincial flavor.

Other important primitives in the show besides Velásquez of Honduras are the Jamaican Tabois and the Haitians Préfet Dufaut, Rigaud Benoit, and Toussaint Auguste, all workers in oils. A source of delight to many is furnished by their fellow-countrymen the sculptors Jasmin Joseph and Georges Liautaud. The former's angels and animals, molded within hollow bricks, possess something of the austerity of Romanesque capitals; Liautaud, the cross-maker for the cemetery of a village several kilometers from Port-au-Prince, is represented by a morbid *Mermaid*, hammered out of sheet iron on an anvil.

"Big names" in Caribbean art are not lacking in the show. Special sections are devoted to Rufino Tamayo and to the Venezuelan Armando Reverón. Wifredo Lam and Amelia Peláez appear in the Cuban group. Many of the artists, however, are making their first U.S. appearance in the exhibition.

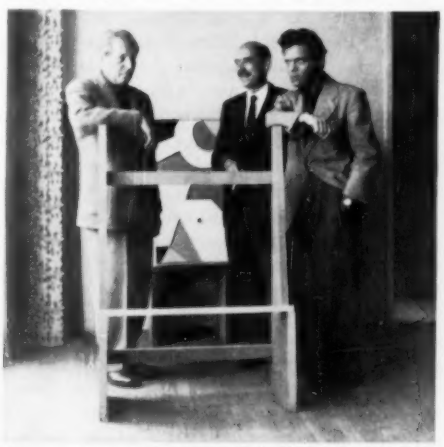
It is noteworthy that an interest in the art of our neighbors to the south should first appear on the Gulf coast. And it is encouraging that the interest is wide enough so that the Houston International Exhibition will tour the country. Thanks to the generosity of the construction firm of Brown, Root, and Company, who also offered five thousand dollars in cash prizes, the show will go on the road in May. ◆ ◆ ◆

Below: Honduran primitive painter J. Antonio Velásquez with his family in front of Tegucigalpa shop window displaying his landscape



Below: Raúl Elas Reyes with two Salvadorean landscapes he submitted to author, who chose one on right





Above: Guatemalan winner Carlos Mérida (left) in his Mexico City studio with painters Felipe Orlando of Cuba (center) and José Luis Cuevas of Mexico

Three judges for Houston exhibition: James S. Plaut, Director of Boston Institute of Contemporary Arts; Gordon B. Washburn, Director of Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh; and Ala Story, Director of Santa Barbara Museum in California





points of view

FAST LIVING

THOUGH ITS NAME might seem misleading, the monthly Peruvian magazine *Social* contains material of general interest—anything from articles on law and science to short stories and recipes. In a recent issue Luis de Zulueta took a long, hard look at our modern passion for speed:

". . . A civilization—like ours today—that is more preoccupied with the means than with the ends dotes on efficiency, which inevitably culminates in speed. . . . For thousands of years man traveled at the same rate of speed. Only recently has it gone into a dizzy upward spiral. . . .

"Let's go back . . . three thousand years. When King Solomon, the wisest, most powerful man of his day, wanted to travel fast, very fast, he mounted his best horse. . . . A thousand years later, Caesar rode a fiery charger if he was in a hurry.

"Another thousand years went by. If Abd-er-Rahman III, emir of Córdoba in Moorish Spain, wanted to get someplace quickly, he saddled up a horse. . . . And five hundred years later . . . Charles V, King of Spain and Holy Roman Emperor, crossed Europe on a spirited steed when in a hurry to watch over his vast domain. About three hundred years after that, even Napoleon arrived in Moscow from Paris riding his white mare. Horses' hoofs represented the maximum speed conceived by the human mind.

"But one day Napoleon learned that a North American mechanic—Robert Fulton by name—had come to Paris to offer the French Navy Department two new types of ships: one steam-propelled . . . and the other a submergible vessel that could bombard the enemy from under the water. The inventor held his demonstrations on the River Seine. The new machine age was dawning . . . , but Napoleon could not read the signs. He contemptuously rejected Fulton's offers: 'He's a charlatan.'

". . . Suddenly, with the advent of the steam engine, the speed limit that had endured so long was superseded. Then came the internal-combustion engine. And thus, in only a few decades, speed increased at a fantastic rate. . . . It seems only yesterday that Blériot flew across the English Channel, and now planes cross the Atlantic every day . . . and span hundreds of miles in an hour. I don't say how many because . . . by the time these pages go to press the figure will have been surpassed. . . .

"If man travels much faster than before, his messages are conveyed even more rapidly. . . . He can go from America to Europe in a few hours; he can speak in Europe and be heard instantaneously in America. . . .

"In the Napoleonic era, and even after, news was transmitted . . . at the rate a horse could travel. The London *Times* published accounts of European events weeks after they took place. . . . Today, though the incident may have occurred on the other side of the world, the news arrives . . . with the same speed that thunder follows lightning. . . .

"The U.S. writer Waldo Frank has said that speed is a drug that robs us of thought and meditation. . . . This so-called 'drug' . . . does not leave us inert; on the contrary, it dulls our senses through an excess of merely mechanical activity. . . .

"In any case, speed is obviously only a means . . . of shortening the road. It is not an end, nor does it determine where the road leads. . . ."

FISH STORY

THIS SUCCESS SAGA began one summer day about six years ago. Cleon C. Sanders, a graduate of Brigham Young University in Utah, was wandering along the shores of Great Salt Lake in search of mosquito larvae to feed to his tropical fish, which he had raised for many years as a hobby. The account in the Brigham Young University Alumnus magazine continues:

". . . On this particular excursion, the . . . larvae were not to be found, and he looked about for other food which might substitute as a diet for his tropical fish. In a secluded pool . . . he found a swarm of tiny shrimp scurrying about—millions of them. He returned with a supply to his fish pond in Ogden, and, to his surprise, the fish devoured them.

"Here was the start of one of the most unusual occupations in [the United States]. As Sanders himself has said, 'I was shocked when I realized what I was looking at—and in such numbers. Plans began to formulate right then and there. Here they had been known for a hundred years, and nothing was ever done with them. I felt like a discoverer.'

"The creatures are . . . found in the lake shallows, which average about twelve inches deep. . . . Sometimes they form ribbon-like patterns across the lake's surface nearly half a mile wide and stretching for miles out into the lake. The number of the shrimp [is] incalculable; four hundred thousand . . . are required to fill a quart jar. A cubic inch contains about seven thousand.

"The brine shrimp are too small for human needs. They seldom reach a

length greater than one-quarter inch, and their bodies have [about the] diameter of a large darning needle. They have eleven legs on each side . . . , which propel them rapidly through the water. This would enable them to easily escape their enemies, if they had any, but the high salt content (about 25 per cent) of the Great Salt Lake automatically eliminates any and all enemies. One of the commercial values of the shrimp as fish food lies in the fact that they are free of diseases—germs and bacteria cannot survive in the salty waters. . . .

"Once successful in feeding the shrimp to his own fish, [Sanders] decided to expand and to supply the brine shrimp to other tropical fish producers and hobbyists. The first problem confronting him was that of harvesting his product. The lake's barren shores have little vegetation, and the sun's rays beat down upon them until the heat is almost unbearable. And for some reason the brine shrimp seem to be most plentiful in the worst areas. For three years Mr. Sanders toiled in the blast-furnace heat until he had learned more about the habits of the little shrimp.

"His next problem was that of processing. He at first shipped the tiny specimens alive in containers similar to ice-cream cartons. They arrived in dehydrated condition, however, unfit for the sensitive tropical fish. Sanders then experimented with freezing them, and the tropical fish seemed to [fare well on them]. All of his shrimp are now shipped frozen in containers of various sizes—to all parts of the United States, to Hawaii, Canada, Mexico, and Alaska.

"Orders came from throughout the world, which posed another problem: how to ship frozen foods so far. Sanders then decided to ship the live eggs, which had been known to remain fertile for several years, and to teach those who received them how to hatch them.

"Among tropical-fish growers and pet-shop owners, the brine shrimp and eggs are well known and internationally famous. The Utah Fish and Game Department has hailed the brine shrimp as one of the most important discoveries of our time for fishermen. In the fish hatcheries of the state, where millions of tiny fish are hatched and nurtured to fingerling size before being placed in streams and lakes . . . , the tiny shrimp are being fed to the small trout during this critical time of their lives. Most of the fish (sometimes as many as 90 per cent) usually die before reaching the fingerling size when fed with the usual ground-liver diet, but experiments have shown that as many as 75 per cent of the small trout survive when fed the brine shrimp. They not only survive, according to officials, but they grow faster and are healthier than those on a liver diet. . . ."



—Cromos, *Bogotá*

A DAY AT THE OFFICE

THE IMPISH HUMOR of Emmanuel Vão Gôgo often brightens the pages of Brazilian magazines. This bit is from *O Cruzeiro*, Rio de Janeiro weekly (government offices there generally open at eleven):

"11:30—I get to the office and ask the boss to excuse me for being half an hour late.

"11:45—After telling the fellow across the way the latest election joke, I take off my jacket.

"12:00—I finish my cigarette by the window, watch the bustle in the street, and get ready to work.

"12:15—I still haven't found the desk key. I must have left it home. With the help of a fellow who was a burglar before he came to work here, I finally get the desk open.

"12:30—I get down to work. I don't have a single sharpened pencil, so I call the office boy. He's gone to get coffee. I go upstairs where there's a pencil sharpener.

"12:40—The section with the pencil sharpener is closed. I go up another floor and sharpen the pencil.

"1:25—I meet Lillian on the stairs, and next time I look at my watch forty-five minutes have gone by. What a charming girl! But my boss is probably furious. I go on downstairs.

"1:30—The office boy left coffee on my desk while I was sharpening my pencil, but now it's cold. Seeing it there makes me want some, so I take a coffee-break.

"1:45—Okay, now let's see if I can finish that report. But there comes that bore from engineering to ask me about lots on Getúlio Vargas Avenue. I'll sneak out while he's not looking.

"2:00—Luckily he went away. I'll just have this other cigarette and then start to work.

"2:15—Thirsty. Why don't they put a drinking fountain beside every desk? Whenever I'm thirsty I have to go down to the end of the hall and stand in line.

"2:30—Now to work. Hot dog! I wonder who that new girl is. She's not bad! If her mind is as sharp as her figure, we'll be good friends. I always like a smart woman.

"2:45—I forgot snack-time. Maybe I can get a quick bite.

"3:15—I broke my pencil again. Oh, well, I'll sharpen it with a razor blade.

"3:30—Ouch! I cut my finger. I'll run down to the infirmary.

"4:00—It was nothing serious, but now my finger is bandaged and I can't type that report. I'll ask the boss to give it to someone else while I'm sick. After all, we're here to help each other in time of need. Didn't I sign all of Alfredo's papers when he had a cold?

"4:45—I just finished the verse I began yesterday. I'm not half bad as a poet. If I'd had better training I'd be a Vinicius de Morais.

"5:00—I don't feel so hot. I shouldn't have eaten that cream puff.

"5:15—Golly! I've worked fifteen minutes overtime. I'm bushed. I'll have to start my vacation tomorrow."

BY THE SEA

THE CUBAN humorist and cartoonist "Arroyito" is almost as well known as *Bohemia*, the weekly magazine that regularly carries his work. He has divided "friends of the sea" into twelve categories and asks: "Are you among them?" The drawings are only two of the dozen that accompany his classifications:

"1. In Cuba the sea has numerous friends. Of these, the platonic admirer loves the stormy sea just as much as the calm sea or the beauty of a sunset, but always from a rocky point. . . . He has never set foot in salt water.

"2. The commodore is a very sociable friend of the sea who lives on land in yacht clubs. . . . He shoots the gun to start all the regattas, weighs in the fish during contests, presides over banquets, presents loving cups, and is the first to get seasick.

"3. The frog-man is a friend of the sea who avoids his species, disguises himself as an amphibian, and spends his time in the ocean depths. . . .

"4. Then there is the well-equipped fisherman who nourishes the fish with the finest bait, while another fellow catches them with nothing but a hapless earthworm.

"5. Another friend of the sea christens his yacht with his wife's name, so he can cruise on it later with his girl friends.

"6. Still another yachtsman . . . has





a wonderful launch but spends the weekends on a little island full of ants, mosquitoes, and gnats. Every week he has to look for a new friend, because the others never want to go back there.

"7. The one . . . with the honest-to-goodness sea-going personality is the barfly . . . , who never goes to sea but is always seasick and sports a ruddy glow—from the bar.

"8. Have you seen those yacht-owning friends of the sea who voyage about twenty blocks from El Morro to dance to the jukebox in a little beach café?

"9. One of the sea's friends spends a fortune on a yacht so he can go and look at it every day. . . . He travels every year on the *Queen Mary* and rents a launch on the Riviera, while his own wonderful boat is tied up at Almendares.

"10. The one who gets the most pleasure from the sea has a friend . . . who owns a powerful cabin cruiser. He enjoys . . . the drinks and even the girl friends of the friend of the sea. . . .

"11. In every port, on every river, and wherever there is a bit of sea, there is always a lone sailor who, after arduous preparation, usually ends up by selling his boat.

"12. The true friend of the sea has neither yacht nor fishing smack, only a little flat-bottomed boat. He goes out night after night to battle the waves and catch several pounds of fish, which are bought from him at ten cents a pound to be sold later at fifty. . . ."

BUY YOUR OWN ISLAND

THOUGH ONLY a young weekly paper, *The Island Times* boasts "the largest English-language circulation in Puerto Rico." It packs a surprising number of news items of general interest, feature articles, illustrations, and ads into twelve small pages. Here's an excerpt for escapists:

". . . For those who have often dreamed of having their own little tropical isle sometime, it is now possible.

"Off the southern coast of Puerto Rico there is a chain of about eighteen islets in the Caribbean Sea running from opposite the little village of Aguirre to Salinas, and some are for sale. A number of the islands already have names, such as Mata, Pájaros, and Ratones, but the smaller ones are collectively called Cayos de Barca.

"They range in size from one to thirty acres, and are separated by channels that resemble tiny lakes, ponds, or naturally formed swimming pools of clear, light green and turquoise waters with white sand at the bottom. On the southern side they are protected from the open sea by coral reefs. Looking back to the mainland, they face one of Puerto Rico's most picturesque shorelines. . . .

"Although these islets were probably inhabited by the Carib Indians at one time, or possibly by pirates, owner Harry Besosa has been able to find no record of anyone having lived there, with one exception—a caretaker who had a small shack on one of them a few years back. But he went to the mainland one day, bought a winning lottery ticket, collected his money, and promptly disappeared.

"The islands are full of wild growth, mangrove trees, coconut palms, and sea grape bushes. Bonito, sierra, red snapper, sea bass, and mero abound in the crystalline waters. There is enough conch to build cottages from the shells. And the reefs are rife with lobster.

"These particular islands are only five to fifteen minutes by power boat from Aguirre or Salinas, which are about sixty-five miles and less than two hours from San Juan by car, or thirty miles and about twenty minutes by plane.

"Mr. Besosa has already had several inquiries from people interested in buying these islets, which are priced from $1,000 to $10,000. He has sold four of them to Edmund Thayer from Arizona, who plans to make a tourist colony there. Mr. Besosa . . . will arrange for people to see the islands. . . .

"All this is possible—sunning, gathering sea grapes, swimming, cracking coconuts, sailing, conch-combing, snorkling, water-skiing, spearfishing, picnicking, or just snoozing in your palm-frond hammock, wafted by the trade winds. . . ."

Books



NEW BOOKS FROM CHILE

Reviewed by Santiago del Campo

According to National Library figures, Chilean publishing houses brought out more than 1,500 books and cultural pamphlets between January 1 and December 15, 1955—an average of 150 titles a month. The main events of this busy year are summed up below:

1. A number of new books by internationally known Chilean writers: *Valparaíso, Fantasmas* (Valparaíso, Ghosts), by Joaquín Edwards Bello; *Viajes* (Journeys), by Pablo Neruda; *Valparaíso, Puerto de Nostalgia* (Valparaíso, Port of Nostalgia), by Salvador Reyes; *Memorias de un Tolstoiano* (Memoirs of a Tolstoyan), by Fernando Santiván; *Rostro de Chile* (The Face of Chile), by Angel Cruchaga Santa María.

2. The death of Mariano Latorre, the master of the Chilean literary school known as *criollismo*, on November 16 at the age of sixty-nine, and the publication of his last book, *Chile, País de Rincones* (Chile, Land of Corners).

3. Awards of literary prizes: to Lautaro Yankas, the Latin American Prize for Literature for his *El Vado de la Noche* (Getting Through the Night); to Luis Merino Reyes, the Zig-Zag Fiftieth Anniversary Prize for his *Regazo Amargo* (Bitter Refuge; see review in AMERICAS, March 1956); to Guillermo Atias, the Society of Writers Prize for his *El Tiempo Banal* (Trite Time).

4. The appearance of new talents: the short-story writers Herbert Muller (*Sin Gestos, Sin Palabras, Sin Llanto* [Without Gestures, Without Words, Without Weeping]), José Donoso (*Veraneo* [Summer Vacation]), Claudio Ciaconi (*La Difícil Juventud* [Difficult Youth]), Carlos León (*Sobrino Unico* [Only Nephew]), and Luis Cornejo (*Barrio Bravo* [Turbulent Neighborhood]); and the poets Eliano Navarro (*Antiguas Voces Llaman* [Old Voices Call]), and Enrique Liha (*Poemas de Este Tiempo y de Otro* [Poems of These Times and Others]).

5. A number of books by Latin Americans from other countries resident in Chile: *La Muchacha de La Guaira* (The Girl of La Guaira), by the Dominican Juan Bosch; *La Perricholi* (about the famous eighteenth-century Peruvian actress), by the Peruvian critic and professor Luis Alberto Sánchez; *Acuario* (Aquarius), by the Salvadorean poetess Claribel Alegría.

6. An abundance of studies devoted to economic and social problems, among them *La Verdad Tiene Su Hora* (Truth Has Its Hour), by Eduardo Frey; *Tradición, Nacionalidad y Americanidad*, by Mario Briceño; *Ensayo Crítico del Desarrollo Económico Social de Chile* (Critical Essay on Chilean Economic and Social Development), by Julio César Jobet; and *Cuestiones Principales de la Economía* (Principal Problems of Economics), by Aníbal Pinto.

The general trend is to emphasize themes and problems of reality, transmuted of course into art. The juvenile acrobatics of the pre-war period have been forgotten, and there is a sincere desire to discover the poetic, economic, and social roots of the Chilean nation.

Several of the books mentioned are reviewed in detail below.

VALPARAÍSO, FANTASMAS, by Joaquín Edwards Bello. Santiago, Editorial Nascimento, 1955. 409 p.

Ever since the appearance of his first books—*El Roto, La Ciudad del Viento, Chilenos en París*—Joaquín Edwards Bello has displayed a marked and original personality. His contributions to many Hemisphere newspapers and magazines have been considered among the most sparkling and incisive in Latin American journalism, and at the same time he continues to maintain his standing as a first-class novelist. Now, in his latest book, he has achieved further refinement of style and purpose while retaining all his classic vigor as a trenchant storyteller, his sharpness of focus, and his brimming humanity. On an autobiographical foundation—"ghosts," he calls his memories—he has written about the childhood and adolescence of a "rich man's son" in Valparaíso's curious half-Saxon atmosphere of commerce and adventure. As with so many who were children during that period, we see him living amid that blend of old habits and new styles typical of the nostalgic days before the 1914 war. There are the patriarchal house, the affectionate old maidservants, the poetry of games in the garden, the nocturnal terrors, the English school and its punctilious codes, the awakening to life, the mysterious world of women, the picturesque harbor characters, the doubts and tremblings of first love, the splendor of the great commercial families, the stock-market crashes, the adolescent's aloneness, orphanhood, the thirst for adventure, the break with his background and the headlong flight from the country, meetings with and separations from fleetingly familiar faces and gestures. In seventy-one succulent and swiftly drawn chapters, Edwards Bello has given his "ghosts" body and soul, leaving his reader dizzied by a flashing vision and with an autumnal melancholy underneath.



CHILE, PAÍS DE RINCONES, by Mariano Latorre. Santiago, Editora Zig-Zag, 1955. 316 p.

When Mariano Latorre died, the dispute about his work—a dispute carried on in the press and over the radio and even at the University of Chile—was still echoing. Curious, considering the sort of man and the sort of writer he was. Of Basque and French descent, the father of two children, a university professor, he was a man of genuine friendliness, an epicure, a gallant and elegant figure with a marvelous erudite mind. In the fifteen stories of the posthumous *Chile, País de Rincones,* the style and ideas that characterized him throughout his career as a writer are fully apparent. By a paradox strange in countries so politically conscious as ours, he inspired passionate admirers and detractors without ever expounding pointed political theses or militantly partisan social criticism. His aim was to transpose to his books the color and life of the landscape, the talk of village people, the small world of loves and jealousies, appetites and distances, contacts and solitudes, of Chileans of the sea, the countryside, and the mountains. This became known as "*criollismo.*" For it he was hailed as a master and criticized as a reactionary.

Reading him more calmly leaves no doubt that—above and beyond his passion for photographic detail, his direct setting down of what he saw—Latorre was an artist at graceful description, a lover of the living earth who took pleasure in nature, in the miraculous treasure chest of popular speech, in the rich lode of humble people. Like all his books from the first (*Cuentos del Maule,* 1912) onward, *Chile, País de Rincones* is a wide-open eye registering the broad expanse of sea, the arid might of the plains, the opulent farmland of the central region, the majesty of the Andes, the enchanted murmurs of the forest, the island magic of Chiloé, the southern adventure of Magallanes. Latorre had a rich, wise, mature style; he told simple stories; above all, he deeply loved American man and his immediate surroundings. What he was trying to say was precisely what the true writers of all America are trying to say, each in his own way, as he sees it. (An article by Latorre, "Queen of the Coast," appeared in the March 1951 issue of AMERICAS.)

VIAJES, by Pablo Neruda. Santiago, Editorial Nascimento, 1955. 212 p.

Prepared originally as lectures, these travel writings have been collected by the Chilean poet into a book consisting of five parts or "journeys." They were outlined in Mexico and read by the author in Cuba, Colombia, Peru, Argentina, and Chile.

As happens almost constantly with Neruda today, this book of his displays the best and the worst of a great poet disordered by political passion. In the first lecture, "Viaje al Corazón de Quevedo [Journey to the Heart of Quevedo]," the expressive power and the analysis of the great Spanish master's life and work are admirable. This is no longer Quevedo the witty buffoon but the tormented witness to a crucial age, the embattled soldier of the spirit, the Christian philosopher plumbing the darkness of man; the Quevedo, also, of remorse and fatigue. An enduring Quevedo, alive in his combative agony, the Quevedo who wrote:

Mi báculo más corvo y menos fuerte.	My staff more bent, less strong.
Vencida de la edad sentí mi espada:	I realized my sword was vanquished by age:
Y no hallé cosa en qué poner los ojos,	And I found nothing to set my eyes on
Que no fuese recuerdo de la muerte.	That was not a reminder of death.

In "Viaje por las Costas del Mundo [Journey Along the Coasts of the World]," Neruda blends direct description, poetic vision, prankish humor, and memories of what he has read, with rare dexterity. He mingles Gulf

of California snails with the ghost of the Count of Villamediana; images of his childhood, pervaded by rain and damp southern forests, with anecdotes from Batavia, Ceylon, and Calcutta; bathing elephants with Gandhi's skinny silhouette and Nehru's deep eyes; the musical and geographical magic of Mexico with the baked earth and the night sky of Spain at war.

On the other hand, in the three final chapters—"Viaje al Norte [Journey to the North]," "Viaje de Vuelta [Return Trip]," and "El Esplendor de la Tierra [The Splendor of the Earth]," Neruda takes his eyes from the grand vision, both of objective description and of poetic penetration, to observe everything through the lens of politics, contentiously partisan and violently aggressive. Here it is not the poet but the militant communist who is traveling. The landscape is transformed into a pamphlet, narrative into a harangue, tenderness into a countersign, men into hostile camps.



La Muchacha de La Guaira, by Juan Bosch. Santiago, Editorial Nascimento, 1955. 197 p.

In less than two months, the Dominican writer and politician Juan Bosch has published three books in Chile: *Judas Iscariote* (published by Editorial Prensa Latinoamericana), *Cuba, la Isla Fascinante* (Editorial Universitaria), and now *La Muchacha de La Guaira,* a collection of eight stories laid in the Dominican Republic and in Cuba, Venezuela, and the Bolivian plateau, places he has visited in his wanderings.

More than interesting—a compromise word—Juan Bosch is exemplary: his literary world breathes and pulsates with the elemental life of the American Indian, the instinctive universe, the telluric force of the settings, the emotion, the primitive throbbing of native beings, deeds, and scenes. His stories reveal a kind of life that has no resemblance whatever to the sort we are accustomed to finding in European books or even in U.S. documentaries or books by the Asians and Africans themselves. This is the America of mystery, omens, witchcraft, curses, and death, the America of cold terror and existential cruelty. His heroes—local assassins, unfathomable Indians, somnambulistic fishermen, silent wagon-drivers, moribund despots, mysterious suicides—confront, first and last, problems alien to the intelligence, rooted in irremediable fatalism. They are lives that fall like stones, that strike like lightning, that sink like abysses.

It is curious how Bosch's inner fidelity to the primitive landscape prevents him from attaining the same merit when he tries to pose ideas and assume intellectual positions; this is the case with the final story, powerful in atmosphere, weak when the characters give themselves over to reasoning or intellectualizing. His true métier is the world of instinct, of death in ambush. A profound book that, if translated, would arouse amazement at the cruelty of its themes and the explosive sternness of its development.

La Verdad Tiene Su Hora, by Eduardo Frey. Santiago, Editorial del Pacífico, 1955. 165 p.

Distinguished as the leader of the Chilean Christian Socialist movement, Senator Eduardo Frey stands for the social ideas proclaimed by Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI in their encyclicals *Rerum Novarum, Quadragesimo Anno,* and *Divini Redemptoris* and for the philosophical ideas of Jacques Maritain. *La Verdad Tiene Su Hora,* which appeared a month before the International Christian Democratic Congress was held in Santiago (December 8-11, 1955), is a book that all Christian Socialists throughout America could subscribe to straight down the line. In it Frey examines the social and economic problems of Chile—common in large part to all of Latin America—and their relation with the moral and philosophical crisis affecting much of the contemporary world. Studying the evolution of social forces in Chile, the development of its public institutions, and the transition from an agricultural and mining economy to increasing industrialization, he puts his finger on the drama of new countries that are struggling—as Germán Arciniegas has said—between freedom and fear and have attempted to slough off tradition without erecting high spiritual bulwarks or precise material goals. Particularly penetrating is his analysis of state intervention and free enterprise—those two formulas that many find irreconcilable and that, Frey proves, can be combined in perfect harmony, as the experience of the United States demonstrates.

Frey does not content himself with mere social criticism or limit himself to the assembling of statistics, facts, and negative summaries. The whole book vibrates with the author's steadfast faith and moral force. The fact that in Latin America there is a propensity toward expediency instead of the rigor of historical truth, toward political divisiveness in detriment to unity, does not mean to Frey that it is a world whose moral foundations have been destroyed. On the contrary, it is the greatest human reserve on this planet, with latent ethical roots in Christianity and with socio-economic possibilities that must be set in motion by action on the part of each government, by the impulse of private enterprise, by recourse to new techniques of production, by the triumph of a real economic democracy, by realistic education. Frey considers that the relations between the United States and Latin America are one of the keys to the destiny of Latin America, and devotes a whole chapter to analyzing them. He judges calmly the diverse criteria that have prevailed in inter-American relations, emphasizing the great mission of the United States to understand and cooperate in the integration of the southern part of the Hemisphere, helping to form a union of peoples pursuing a common destiny. He glimpses, in the new Industrial Revolution started by the Atomic Age, a broad highway of wealth, well-being, freedom, and high spiritual values that will make possible unity of the now disunited states to the south.

VALPARAÍSO, PUERTO DE NOSTALGIA, by Salvador Reyes. Santiago, Editora Zig-Zag, 1955. 208 p.

In the Chilean literary panorama, Salvador Reyes represents the movement that fifteen years ago was called *imaginista*—elusive, lightly poetic, lyrical in mood, cosmopolitan—as opposed to the *criollista* school headed by Latorre and Luis Durand. In this novel (originally published in France in a translation by Francis de Miomandre), as in the author's earlier *Ruta de Sangre, Mónica Sanders, El Ultimo Pirata,* and *Lo que el Tiempo Deja,* the sea is his stage, with the harbor mist and the parade of curious psychologies serving as material for adventures, passions, and dreams. Centering the action in Valparaíso, Reyes reaffirms his love for this "greatest port in the Universal Poetic Geography." His pages evoke the oily tides of the docks, the hilly streets and acrobatic houses suspended from the sky, the foggy little cafés, the yellow hotels, the strong men and the weak women. Imbued with the technique of the French masters of this genre—Pierre McOrlan and Blaise Cendrars—Salvador Reyes is excellent in many ways: his narrative method is keen and concise, his short dialogues sparkle, his scenes and characters have an atmosphere pervaded by a kind of nostalgic fog. He knows how to keep his plot going, how to create a delicate and subtle magic, how to handle the suspense of an episode or the thrill of a key word.

But Chile's immense end-of-the-world sea—with a coastline of 2,900 miles—does not burst forth in Salvador Reyes as the colossal and fearful force it really is. It is a drawing-room sea, disciplined to romantic conversation, reduced to a picture post card. This is a pity, for Reyes has the knowledge, the style, and the creative vision of a true writer. Melville, writing a century ago and in the United States, understood much of this powerful, demoniacal, tempestuous antarctic ocean. Chilean novelists of the sea ought to follow this route—Salvador Reyes first of all.

Santiago del Campo, distinguished Chilean critic, playwright, and short-story writer, will contribute periodic round-ups of new Chilean books.

BOOK NOTES

THE SHOPPING GUIDE TO MEXICO, GUATEMALA, AND THE CARIBBEAN, by David and Marian Greenberg. New York, Trade Winds Press, 1955. 203 p. $3.75

Just what its name implies. The Greenbergs realize that when you go traveling you will buy things, and feel you may as well know how to find the best; they also believe that by judicious shopping you can save enough on your purchases to pay for the trip—and they prove it. Their method is to descend on a town or an area, visit every place that sells anything and ransack its shelves, seek out local specialties, compare prices and qualities, take copious descriptive notes, and cast a fishy eye at any establishment that looks like a tourist trap. In general, they have done a splendid job: the Mexico chapters are particularly good, the Guatemala section rather skimpy. The Greenbergs may have a dismaying personal predilection for skirts hand-painted with native figures—but you need not buy what *they* like. The information they provide on other subjects may not be altogether trustworthy—but their information on shopping is. They may employ the gay, carefree prose style beloved by travel writers—but they don't pretend to be producing literature. A very helpful manual.

QUICK COLOMBIAN FACTS, edited by Ernesto Camacho Leyva. Bogotá, Instituto Colombiano de Opinión Pública, 1956. 171 p. Illus.

For the first time, the extremely useful pocket-size annual *Factores Colombianos* has been brought out in an English edition. This is not primarily a guidebook—no evaluation or even listing of hotels, no what-to-buy-where, no what-to-do-after-dark—but it answers almost every conceivable question about Colombia itself. It contains facts and figures about the size, population, government, topography, industries, religion, economics and finance, history, cultural life, and transportation of the whole country and of the individual provinces. A handy reference for anyone, it is indispensable for visitors to Colombia. Unfortunately, it reads exactly like a translation.

GRAPHICS CREDITS

(Listed from left to right, top to bottom)

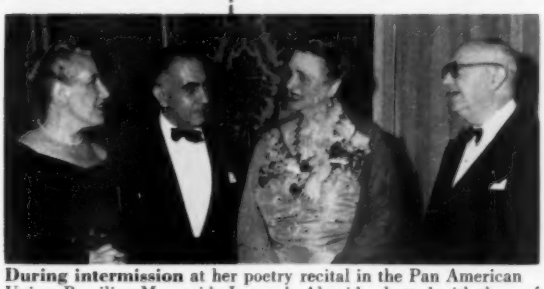
3, 4, 5, 6, 7 Courtesy Leslie F. Warren
8, 9, 10 Vicente Chiaranda
12, 13 Courtesy Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences
14 Giraudon
17 Nos. 1 and 3, Yan, Toulouse—Nos. 2, 4, 5, 6, E. Sulix, courtesy Juan Castrillón and Dr. Aurelio Giroud
18 Francisco Edmundo Pérez (4)
23 From *The Romance of the Spanish Main,* by Norman J. Davidson
24, 25 After G. Mackay, printed for the Hakluyt Society, 1904
26 From *The First Voyage Round the World by Magellan* (Hakluyt Society, 1874)
27 From *The Voyages of Captain James Cook Round the World* (John Callis and Company)
28 Gertrude P. Kurath
29 Bertha Waseskuk—Gertrude P. Kurath (2)
30, 31 Gertrude P. Kurath
32, 33 Courtesy José Gómez-Sicre
34 Courtesy Houston Museum of Fine Arts—Courtesy José Gómez-Sicre—Courtesy Houston Museum of Fine Arts—Courtesy Roberto González Goyri
35 Courtesy José Gómez-Sicre
43 Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, F. Adelhardt—No. 4, courtesy Bryant Baker

Answers to Quiz on page 45

(a) The Pacific Ocean; 3. (b) Fernando de Noronha; 2. (c) Alexander Selkirk; *Robinson Crusoe,* by Daniel Defoe; 4. (d) Hispaniola (Haiti and the Dominican Republic occupy that island); 8. (e) Juan Vicente de Güemes y Pacheco de Padilla, Count of Revillagigedo (the Revilla Gigedo Islands and Revillagigedo Island); 10. (f) Pearls; 7. (g) English-speaking coconut growers; 5. (h) Nicaragua; 1. (i) La Gonâve; 9. (j) True; 6.

OAS

FOTO FLASHES



During intermission at her poetry recital in the Pan American Union, Brazilian Margarida Lopes de Almeida chatted with three of her countrymen, Ambassador João Carlos Muniz (right), envoy to the United States, and Mrs. Muniz and PAU Department of Cultural Affairs Director Érico Veríssimo. Sponsored by Ambassador Muniz and OAS Ambassador Fernando Lobo of Brazil and their wives, the program included works in Portuguese and Spanish by fourteen Hemisphere poets.

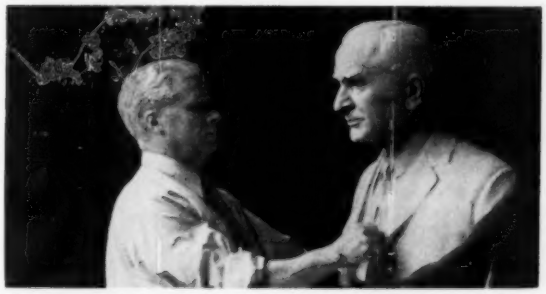


Canada came to the Pan American Union through an exhibit of liturgical art by the French-Canadian group of artists known as Le Retable. Father Wilfrid Corbeil designed the ivory and enamel chalice he is showing to Marcel Roussin of the University of Ottawa. Le Retable is an association of artists and craftsmen dedicated to church decoration, including architecture, painting, and sculpture; work in precious metals, wrought iron, and ceramics; and the production of vestments, linens, and furniture.

On taking office as OAS Secretary General, Dr. José A. Mora of Uruguay addressed the special OAS Council session held in his honor. Afterward a luncheon was held. To the Secretary General's left is Council Vice-Chairman Alberto Sepúlveda, who is also Chilean Ambassador to the OAS; OAS Council Chairman César Tulio Delgado, Colombian envoy to the OAS; Assistant Secretary General William Manger; Dr. Héctor David Castro, Ambassador of El Salvador to the OAS and the United States; and Ambassador José Luis Cruz-Salazar, Guatemalan envoy to the OAS and the U.S.A.



OAS Ambassador Alberto Sepúlveda of Chile (left) recently took office as new chairman of the Technical Cooperation Committee of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council. Here he receives the gavel from his predecessor, Dr. Jorge Alberto Montealegre, alternate representative of Nicaragua on the Council.



On Pan American Day, members of the OAS Council, the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Washington diplomatic corps, and the public gathered in the Aztec Garden of the Pan American Union for the dedication of the bronze bust of the late U.S. Secretary of State Cordell Hull. Sculptor Bryant Baker here puts finishing touches on the original work in marble.



At a Washington Chamber of Commerce luncheon, OAS Council Chairman César Tulio Delgado (center) congratulates Chamber President John K. Evans after presenting OAS testimonial for his work on behalf of inter-American friendship. Among applauding guests was Judge George Nielson of the District of Columbia Municipal Court.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

TRAVELOGUE

Dear Sirs:

The February number of AMERICAS is splendid. It always gives me pleasure to receive this magazine, because about twelve years ago I spent about four months seeing some of South America.

Thus, when you speak of Quito, I am there, waking to the . . . jangle of early church bells, seeing my first Indian market, and great white mountain peaks. Or visiting, by courtesy of my Indian driver (who discovered I was interested in flowers), a fine *estancia* some distance from town where he stopped and asked the owner's permission for me to see the place, much of it four hundred years old.

Then a month in Peru, a place to go back to in more than dreams. Across the Andes, through a storm, to reach one of the headwaters of the Amazon. Down the coast, en route to Arequipa, via the new (at the time) highway, where I discovered Indian humor. So many amusing bits left along the road, even a small chapel (toy size) of gasoline cans filled with sand. Uses of those cans are endless! . . .

In Cuzco it was cold. A fireplace in the living room, whitewashed inside and out, looked enticing. I asked whether they ever built a fire. "You could order one." It took three Indians to build it, and other guests hesitated to come in, but we urged them and we all enjoyed a most interesting evening. Looking over my bill, I noticed the fire was not listed. "Well," said our host, "everyone enjoyed it so much I do not wish to charge you for it." I mention this small episode because it is typical of the courtesy and kindness I met everywhere from Peru to Brazil! (It seems unfortunate so many people refuse to really enjoy Brazil, that marvelous country, preferring to remain in their tourist groups, never staying over, and living aboard their steamers. . . .)

I've omitted one of the nicest trips of all. In Lima I asked whether I might go to visit one of the charitable institutions. It seemed to greatly please the head of the travel bureau, who arrived in his own car with an interpreter and driver. We were welcomed at the Old People's Home, the cleanest place. . . , with a lovely chapel. All cooking done very simply over open fires. Then the Orphans' Home, on a magnificent site outside the city overlooking the ocean and also a model of neatness. . . .

In Rio came a final little episode. My maid had done pressing for me and been extremely helpful, so before leaving, I gave her what change I had left, not an excessive tip considering. A few minutes later my phone rang and the manager said the girl just wondered whether I wanted her to buy me something! I like to tell these things because I had so many warnings about the regular "highway robbery" I would meet everywhere and never did.

Eloise F. Dyer
Carmel, California

ATTENTION, NUTRIA FANCIERS

Dear Sirs:

As a research biologist for the Louisiana Wildlife and Fisheries Commission, I am assisting in a survey of the status of the nutria, or coypu, in the Louisiana coastal marshes. It is a native of South America and has spread so extensively that the current nutria population in Louisiana alone is over a million. Therefore, I appeal to those of your readers living in regions where nutria are found to send me any information on their life history, general habits, growth rate, movements and range, and activities in captivity. My address is: Louisiana State University, College of Agriculture, Baton Rouge 3, Louisiana.

OAS regional offices, consulates, biologists, and fur farmers can be of particular value in fulfilling this request. Any material submitted will be utilized to assist in establishing a management program for nutria in the United States. Material will be welcome in any language.

William H. Adams, Jr.
Research Associate
School of Forestry

ARMCHAIR TRAVELER

Dear Sirs:

I am somewhat of an invalid, or maybe I should say semi-invalid, as I can walk some but am under orders to keep quiet for maybe a year or longer. The doctor said, "Now is the time for you to catch up on your reading." Well, it takes an awful lot of reading material to keep me going, so I said I would try and see how I like . . . AMERICAS. [Now] I am so very very glad.

I got the February issue this morning and I will do the same as I have done with the previous two copies: read them straight through. I just love the letters in the back and all the pictures. They are just as educational as the reading. Until I got AMERICAS, I did not know that oil was being discovered down at the tip of South America ("Oil at the End of the Earth," December 1955). I could never forget my geography story about Magellan's trip around the Horn.

Mrs. Anna Elliott
Phoenix, Arizona

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses clearly and state at least two language preferences. These are shown below by the initials after the name. Those who are students are asked to say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk after the name.

Gonzalo Lorente (E, S)
Santa Isabel W2
Toledo, Spain

Magdaleno Refigio (E, S)
Camarin de San Cipriano W9
Toledo, Spain

Juana Sánchez (E, S)
San Andrés W2
Toledo, Spain

Sergio Ferreira Izidoro (E, P)—H
Rua João Barbalho 567
Quintino Bocaiuva
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

Marie C. Obrtlik (E, Czech)
25 Meadow Street
Binghamton, New York

L. J. Brown (E, F)—C
Box 2472
Florida State University
Tallahassee, Florida

Mary Ann Worthy (E, F)—H
White Oaks Road
Williamstown, Massachusetts

Anne Willard (E, S, F)—C
RFD No. 3, Box 205
Fredericksburg, Virginia

Aldo Cammarota (E, S, P, F)—C
Arenales 2152
Buenos Aires, Argentina

David Lockwood (E, S, F)—H*
212 Washington
Holly, Michigan

Eddyr da Silva Rabêlo (E,S,P)—H
Rua Epidoto 281
Belo Horizonte, Minas Gerais
Brazil

Inés L. Antonelli Filsinger
(E, S)—H
Urquiza 2748
Córdoba, Argentina

Miss M. Ozawa (E, Japanese)
No. 8, Naka 2-chome
Showacho, Abenoku
Osaka, Japan

B. F. Kelley (E, S)
P. O. Box 16
Van Nuys, California

Marina Giménez (E, S)
Necochea 615
Ramos Mejia
Buenos Aires Province, Argentina

Darcy Carlos de Castro (E, S, P, F)
Rua Gerson França, 6-31
Bauru, São Paulo State
Brazil

Anton Bemmerlein
(E, S, F, German)—C
U Tafelfeldstr, 71
Nürnberg, Germany

Mrs. Nellie Trainor (E, S)
3865 East Layton Avenue
Cudahy, Wisconsin

Ana Maria Swinburn (E, S)
Londres 37
Santiago, Chile

The Organization of American States unites the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere for the common purpose of maintaining peace, freedom, security, and welfare of all Americans. The member states are: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

The OAS had its inception in 1890 during the First International Conference of American States, which met in Washington. Today, it operates through a large number of different agencies and institutions throughout the Hemisphere, all contributing to the common objective of preserving the peace and security of the member states and promoting, by cooperative action, their economic, social, and cultural development.

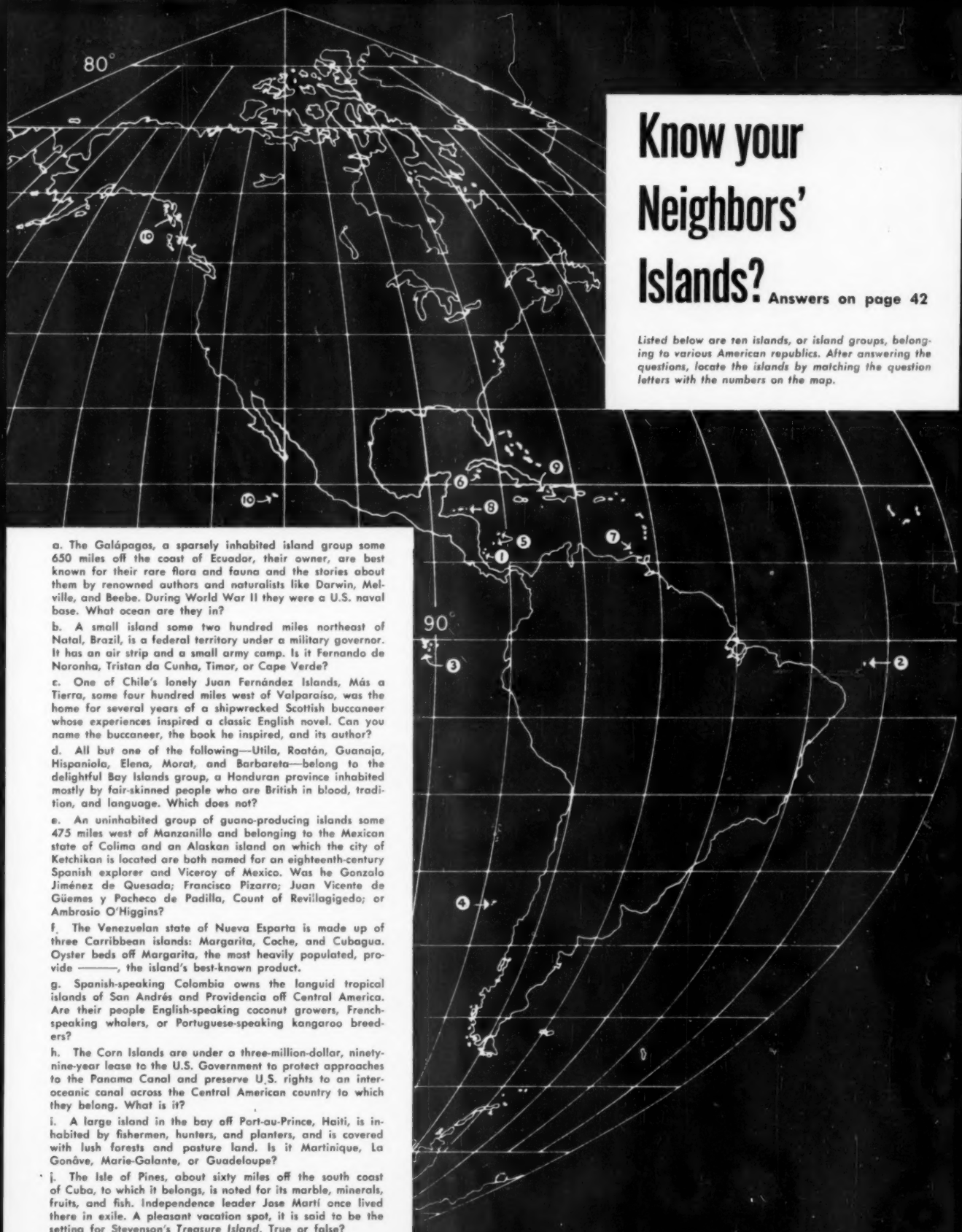
The Pan American Union, central permanent organ and General Secretariat of the OAS, has its headquarters in Washington, D. C. Called "The House of the Americas," its main building of white marble, with its tropical patio and Aztec Garden, is visited each year by thousands of Americans from all parts of the Western Hemisphere.

Pan American Day is celebrated annually throughout the Americas on April 14th.

Know your Neighbors' Islands?

Answers on page 42

Listed below are ten islands, or island groups, belonging to various American republics. After answering the questions, locate the islands by matching the question letters with the numbers on the map.



a. The Galápagos, a sparsely inhabited island group some 650 miles off the coast of Ecuador, their owner, are best known for their rare flora and fauna and the stories about them by renowned authors and naturalists like Darwin, Melville, and Beebe. During World War II they were a U.S. naval base. What ocean are they in?

b. A small island some two hundred miles northeast of Natal, Brazil, is a federal territory under a military governor. It has an air strip and a small army camp. Is it Fernando de Noronha, Tristan da Cunha, Timor, or Cape Verde?

c. One of Chile's lonely Juan Fernández Islands, Más a Tierra, some four hundred miles west of Valparaíso, was the home for several years of a shipwrecked Scottish buccaneer whose experiences inspired a classic English novel. Can you name the buccaneer, the book he inspired, and its author?

d. All but one of the following—Utila, Roatán, Guanaja, Hispaniola, Elena, Morat, and Barbareta—belong to the delightful Bay Islands group, a Honduran province inhabited mostly by fair-skinned people who are British in blood, tradition, and language. Which does not?

e. An uninhabited group of guano-producing islands some 475 miles west of Manzanillo and belonging to the Mexican state of Colima and an Alaskan island on which the city of Ketchikan is located are both named for an eighteenth-century Spanish explorer and Viceroy of Mexico. Was he Gonzalo Jiménez de Quesada; Francisco Pizarro; Juan Vicente de Güemes y Pacheco de Padilla, Count of Revillagigedo; or Ambrosio O'Higgins?

f. The Venezuelan state of Nueva Esparta is made up of three Carribbean islands: Margarita, Coche, and Cubagua. Oyster beds off Margarita, the most heavily populated, provide ———, the island's best-known product.

g. Spanish-speaking Colombia owns the languid tropical islands of San Andrés and Providencia off Central America. Are their people English-speaking coconut growers, French-speaking whalers, or Portuguese-speaking kangaroo breeders?

h. The Corn Islands are under a three-million-dollar, ninety-nine-year lease to the U.S. Government to protect approaches to the Panama Canal and preserve U.S. rights to an interoceanic canal across the Central American country to which they belong. What is it?

i. A large island in the bay off Port-au-Prince, Haiti, is inhabited by fishermen, hunters, and planters, and is covered with lush forests and pasture land. Is it Martinique, La Gonâve, Marie-Galante, or Guadeloupe?

j. The Isle of Pines, about sixty miles off the south coast of Cuba, to which it belongs, is noted for its marble, minerals, fruits, and fish. Independence leader Jose Martí once lived there in exile. A pleasant vacation spot, it is said to be the setting for Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. True or false?

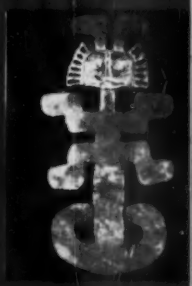
Highlights of Latin American Art











For teachers and students of art, artists, and collectors who may wish to preserve in permanent form works of art which have appeared in past issues of AMERICAS magazine.

available now

This portfolio contains 24 Black and White photographic reproductions, mounted size 14" x 11", suitable for framing. Those works have been selected which seem most characteristic of the various periods and trends in the history of art in the Americas—pre-Columbian, colonial and works of Orozco, Rufino Tamayo, Cândido Portinari, and other artists equally well known in their own countries. Biographies, captions, and explanatory notes are in both English and Spanish.

Only 2,000 copies of this attractive portfolio have been produced. Be sure to receive your copy of HIGHLIGHTS OF LATIN AMERICAN ART. Send $1.75 today to:

PAN AMERICAN UNION: DIVISION OF PUBLICATIONS
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

PAN AMERICAN UNION
Washington 6, D. C., U. S. A.

OFFICIAL BUSINESS

PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE TO AVOID PAYMENT OF POSTAGE, $300

EXENTO DE FRANQUEO POSTAL
ISENTO DE FRANQUIA POSTAL
(GPO)